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THE CHICAGO OPERA.

A new chapter has been added to the history of opera in Chicago. Until the present year, this city has been dependent upon visiting companies for its supply of this particular form of artistic satisfaction, and the supply has been uncertain in quality and narrowly limited in quantity. Some years we got one week, some years two, and there was now and then a barren year when we got none at all. In the season of 1909–10, there arose the hope of better things, for an entire month of opera was then vouchsafed us by the magnates who control the output of that forced musical product. A year ago, also, there was promise in the air, for an enterprise was set on foot to supply the long-felt need of a permanent organization which should make Chicago its centre, and which should give us what might fairly be called an opera season. That season, covering ten weeks, is just now ending, and its success is a matter of recorded history. To the faith, the determination, and the devotion of the group of men who made the enterprise possible, and who offered to bear the loss, if loss there should prove to be, we pay our tribute of grateful recognition. The fact that they have closed the season with no loss to shoulder does not detract from our sense of obligation. They assumed a heavy risk for the public good; it is a matter for general congratulation that the public rose to the height of its opportunity, and proved itself unwilling to become otherwise than morally indebted to its benefactors.

Among the elements which have contributed to the success of a venture which caused many wise heads to wag doubtfully a few months ago we may mention those of major importance. The interprise was set in operation by the right sort of driving force, the quality of energy which is put into their work by men of practical affairs. These men are not accustomed to failure, and they have now shown that even in the untried field of artistic endeavor the far-sighted and sagacious methods which bring business success are applicable to other than strictly business interests. Then the exploitation of the venture, in the form of preliminary heralding, reports of progress, and continuous publicity during the actual opera season, was very skilfully managed. Finally, the artistic

forces assembled were such as to win confidence from the start, a confidence which we need hardly say has been more than justified by the ten weeks of actual performance. Not only were we provided with an array of soloists capable of meeting an exacting demand and of adapting themselves to a great variety of parts, but also with a completely adequate chorus and orchestra, and with stage-settings that might fairly be described as sumptuous. We have only to add that as director general or field marshal of all these forces and material adjuncts we were given the services of Signor Cleofonte Campanini, a great leader, to whose genius we have been indebted for the artistic unity and impressive totality of effect without which the best efforts of the most accomplished individual performers would have proved unavailing.

This much may fairly be said in the way of whole-hearted praise. There remains the task of indicating, less for reproof than in the hope of future correction, what seem to us to have been instances of mistaken judgment in the planning of the work and in its business management. It has been frankly an opera season upon a French-Italian basis, with Verdi, Puccini, Massenet, Charpentier, and Debussy for its supporting pillars. This has meant the production of several works hitherto unknown to our public — "La Fanciulla del West," "Thaïs," "Louise," and "Pelléas et Mélisande" — for which we are extremely grateful. They are not great works, but they are interesting ones, and it is well that they should have been performed—ideally, because it is only by the test of performance that new works may be appraised; practically, because the appeal of novelty is one that the box-office may not ignore. With these works we must also mention the over-discussed "Salome," which calls for special consideration. This opera was announced long in advance, was given two performances, and was then withdrawn in deference to a storm of protest. Whether or not that protest was of a kind that deserved to be effective we are not now inclined to say. But no gift of prophecy was needed to know that it would be made, and exactly what form it would take. The management should have taken this into account, and cannot offer surprise as their defence. They should have determined either not to produce the work at all, or to keep on producing it no matter how loud the outcry from the hosts of philistinism. This lack of decision in this matter is not altogether to their credit. With the exception of "Salome," and possibly of "Les Huguenots," no work by a German composer was given during the entire season. This exclusion was deliberate, and did not result from a lack of the requisite forces; it had only the effect of alienating a large section of the opera-going public, the section whose tastes are the most deserving of consideration. To many of the most serious lovers of music, a season of opera without Wagner and Mozart, without Beethoven or Weber or Humperdinck, is not opera at all. We cannot think it a far-sighted policy which filled ten weeks with French and Italian works alone, and which drew its entire repertory from two classes of works — more or less sensational novelties and hackneyed popular favorities.

Before the beginning of the season, we expressed the hope that a moderate scale of charges would be adopted, as the only means of building up a steady and warmly-attached following. We regret to say that this hope was not realized; the high scale that was fixed upon had the inevitable consequence of packing the theatre upon some nights, and leaving it half-empty upon others. What is needed is a tariff which will not be thought exorbitant by most lovers of music, and which will keep the house practically filled for all the performances. We believe that a lower tariff would have had precisely this effect, and would have yielded about the same aggregate returns. Even if there were some risk in the experiment, it would be worth making, because its success would mean a public support ungrudgingly given and likely to be found lasting. The tariff actually adopted has proved, it is true, measurably successful, but it has left many of the supporters of the enterprise with a sense of detachment and even an irritation. Irritation is not a strong enough word to express the feeling of the public toward the policy which, not content with adhering to the scale of prices (already unnecessarily high) officially announced, has grasped every possible opportunity to extort two or three additional dollars from the purchaser of a ticket whenever a sensational novelty or an exceptionally popular vocalist was the attraction offered. This policy has resulted in a few crowded houses, but it has nearly killed the goose that should lay the golden eggs of future seasons. It is a policy which has come perilously close to bad faith with the public, in one instance notably, when the augmented schedule was not even advertised, but was left to be discovered at the box-office by applicants for tickets. We are glad that it is possible in some degree to offset these unpleasant facts by calling attention to

the wise and happy policy that provided a Saturday night performance every week at greatly reduced prices, and a series of Sunday afternoon concerts of which no one could maintain that they did not give good measure of value for the moderate prices asked for the seats.

Next year's opera is already assured us by the success of the season now ended. We hope that it may prove no less profitable, and may achieve success without resorting to devices that will be more sharply resented upon repetition than they have been by the public in this year's tolerant and receptive mood. We think that the scale of prices should be lowered; we are quite certain that, whatever it may be, no departure should be made from it when it is once announced. We trust that the half-price performances and the Sunday concerts may be continued. We believe that the management will not again make the mistake of ignoring German opera in the interest of the inferior French and Italian forms. And we urge upon them with all the emphasis at our command not to give heed to the ill-advised plea for opera in the English language, if that is to mean the wrenching of the score from the forms of foreign speech with which it is perforce most vitally linked. To deal in this brutal fashion with such a work as "Tristan" or "Aida" or "Pelléas" would be an artistic indignity of which we do not like to think any true musician capable. Those who ask for it have only the shallowest of arguments to advance in its favor, and they ignore the most fundamental æsthetic considerations. The only opera that has a right to be sung in the English language is opera which English composers have fitted to English words. When such works are given to the world, we shall be among the foremost to welcome their appearance. But to anyone for whom an opera is a work of art, an attempt to sing it with translated words is simply unthinkable.

JOHN SYNGE AND HIS PLAYS.

I.

The picture lover who thinks that in admiring the French luminists — "impressionists," we used to call them — he is welcoming painting's last word, is no more behind the times than the reader who supposes that, in knowing something of Lady Gregory, Mr. George Russell ("A.E."), and Mr. William Butler Yeats, he keeps pace with the Irish literary movement. The dim distances and elusive charm of these writers remain; but — if I may be permitted to mix my metaphors — some of the Irish playwrights prepare an altogether different palette. Such new arrivals as Pádraic Colum and S. L. Robinson and Rutherford Mayne are interested, above all, in the vivid Ireland of the hour. And yet, beside the work of one who was their elder brother, the richly actual work of these dramatists either seems almost trifling or betrays an unchecked dalliance with the wraiths peopling the Celtic shadowland where Ossian was magnified and Fiona Macleod tarried. In London, this greater Irish playwright — great in achievement as well as by comparision — has been acted by those same Abbey Theatre players who were, at Dublin, his original interpreters. His "Deirdre," the text of which has only recently been published, was lately presented at the Court Theatre; his "Tinker's Wedding" was acted a year ago at His Majesty's.* Here, however, he has held no stage†; nor has he had, like Mr. Yeats, his American editions. His plays are "literature" all the same; and must (notwithstanding) hold spellbound the American audience before which they are adequately produced: so admirably theatric they are in essence and in spoken line. Yet it is only to-day, with the presentation of his one-act play, "In the Shadow of the Glen"‡ by Mrs. Fiske, that he is coming into his own.

II.

John Millington Synge — pronounced *sing* § — was born in 1871; being (I quote from a letter of his brother's writing) "the youngest son of the late John Hatch Synge, barrister-at-law, and owner of landed property in County Galway." He died thirty-eight years later, the author of six plays and a few poems and translations, and standing on the threshold of what promised to be a happy marriage. For this man of vigor, struck down by an incurable malady, death was announced some months at least before it came; in the interval he worked at his play "Deirdre." "Death is a poor untidy thing at best, though it's a Queen that dies," he wrote on his sick-bed; and to Naisi, the Paris of this Irish Helen-drama, he gave this line: "It's a hard and bitter thing, losing the earth."

* "The Tinker's Wedding," a comedy in two acts, was published by Maunsel (Dublin), 1907. A four-column edition of the dramatist's entire contribution, including his verse, has just been issued by the same publisher.

† The professional stage, that is. His one-act "Riders to the Sea" was produced by amateurs before the Twentieth Century Club, in Boston, five years since; and was subsequently discussed in a paper by Professor Vida D. Scudder, of Wellesley College. Lecture and play were published in "Poet-Lore," in the spring of 1905. The three-act comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World" (Dublin: Maunsel; 1907) was acted in Chicago, April 13, 1909, by Hart Conway's pupils in the School of Acting of the American Conservatory of Music.

‡ With "Riders to the Sea," this comedy is issued by the London publisher, Elkin Mathews, in his "Vigo Cabinet Series."

§ See "The Curse"; a poem whose full title is, "To a Sister of an Enemy of the Author's who disapproved of the 'Playboy,'" in the preface to Synge's "Poems and Translations," beautifully printed at the Cuala Press, 1909.

The family that bred this man gave more than one bishop to the established church of Ireland, more than one man of law to the Dublin Courts. Did the Synges pass on to their one poet-playwright something of the Protestant spirit that they had so strongly, — that something purged, however, of dogma? If so, the inheritance took form as a protest against Protestantism. For here was one who accepted this world for what it was, and in it found, without reforming it, plenty to love and to hate. Though Mr. J. B. Yeats has described him on the margin of my copy of the "Playboy" as "an ardent home-ruler and Nationalist," he was obliged to add, "yet so little pugnacious that he never declared his opinions unless under some sort of compulsion. A resolute peaceful man." Also, "a solitary, undemonstrative man, never asking pity, nor seeking sympathy, but . . . folded up in brooding intellect."

If something of inherited independence and opposition entered into the composition of even the boy Synge, it may be well to note that he never suffered from a plethora of inherited goods and chattels, — for all that "landed property in County Galway." Most men would have considered his tiny income quite too small a fund for travel and literary work. But of his education he could not complain. First of all, he was prepared by tutors for Trinity College, Dublin, which he entered in 1888. There he took prizes in Hebrew and Gaelic, and was graduated in 1892. He studied music, too, and obtained a scholarship in Harmony from the Royal Irish Academy a year before his college graduation. In 1893, he continued these musical studies in Germany. The eternal *wanderlust* that had stung men like Bamfylde, Moore, Carew, George Borrow (Mr. Huneker calls the roll) was in his blood, too. He was, for some years now, the gypsy-scholar, — or another Goldsmith, if you will. Doubtless he played the fiddle better than that other Irishman: the fiddle which, years later, he scraped in Mayo cottages for peasants to dance and sing by. He was, also, to play for Italian sailors; to hear story-telling in Bavarian woods. But, after spending a year in Germany, he "gave up music for literature," as the brother writes in the letter I have before me. From 1895, he was in France — principally at Paris. It was his intention to fit himself for criticism: he went at the task with more thoroughness than is used in Anglo-Saxon countries. His gift for languages had declared itself at Dublin; at the Sorbonne, he sought to master Romance philology no less than French literature and the world's best criticism. His was no Bohemian ideal: he joined no band of café-poets or sect of mutual admiration. The symbolists seem never to have deeply impressed this solitary student, who knew the Paris of their noisy decadence. Racine was his favorite among French poets. For some years after 1895, he spent a part of each year in Paris; he had, too, friends in the country, whose homes he visited.

All of which sounds most conventional — for a poet. A shade less conventional is the circumstance that this student of philology and of literature — whether in France or elsewhere on the Continent — commonly lived with a family of the working class. To these folk he paid a small sum to share their table-room and attic; he shared in their conversation, too, and learned something of their private ways and thought. Two advantages, at least, this programme afforded. First of all, economy. Furthermore, it helped him in the mastery of languages, and satisfied, for the moment, a certain impulse that he strongly had to study, not books and speech alone, but human nature: human nature *at home*. Later, we shall see, he followed the same regimen in Ireland. And, impersonal as his literary method is, Synge's plays are, almost consequentially, rich in personality: for this sympathy of the writer for his characters, attained, not in the study, but in living with them on equal terms, gives his people roots in the soil they stand on. They are, indeed, no less real than the incidents and homely details of his plays are vividly suggestive of their proper setting.

But it was not of home that he was thinking while he lived on at the Paris shoemaker's, — now and again helping out the housewife, who was a *couturier*, with a rush order, and taking calmly, as a matter of course, a scolding for his clumsiness. Mr. Yeats, in an introduction contributed to one of Synge's plays, five years ago, tells us of finding this fellow-countryman in Paris, and of the end of this phase of his life—this unique preparation for literary fruitfulness. Six years earlier — which must mean the winter of 1898–1899 — he writes, he had been staying at a students' hotel in the Latin Quarter, and someone introduced him to an Irishman,

> "who, even poorer than myself, had taken a room at the top of the house. It was J. M. Synge, and I, who thought I knew the name of every Irishman who was working at literature, had never heard of him. . . . He had, however, nothing to show but one or two poems and impressionistic essays, full of the morbidity that has its roots in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature; images reflected from mirror to mirror."

Life had cast no light into his writings; he had lost, too, the Irish that he had learned at the University: "for the only language that interested him was that conventional language of modern poetry which had begun to make us all weary." "Give up Paris," counselled the fellow-poet to this uncertain seeker of romance; "you will never create anything by reading Racine, and Arthur Symons will always be a better critic of French literature. Go to the Aran Islands. . . . Express a life that has never found expression."

Now, the Aran Islands, bare platforms and haggard steepes of rock, lie "about thirty miles from Galway, up the centre of the bay, but they are not far from the cliffs of County Clare, on the south, or the corner of Connemara, on the north."

III.

The Aran Islands — which become the stage of all but one or two of Synge's dramas, also the chief source of their plots and their types — are three in number: "Aranmor, the north island, about nine miles long; Inishmaan, the middle island, about three miles and a half across and nearly round in shape; and the south island, Inishere." All this and more one learns from the preface of that book of Synge's to which he gave their name as title.* It is no less a book of travel with decided merits than a document bearing upon the author's work for the stage, and upon the manner of life that he took up after leaving behind him the schools and garrets of Paris. The scene is a bleak one, "yet perhaps no other area speaks so eloquently, through ruined forts and churches, of thousands of pagan and Christian years lived painfully against the challenge of winds and waves and hunger."† Part one of the book shows us John Synge sitting over a turf fire, listening to the murmur of Gaelic that rose from the little public-house under his room. In Aranmore occurs this scene. But soon we find our author setting out for Inishmaan, "where Gaelic is more generally used, and the life is perhaps the most primitive that is left in Europe." The natives are Irish, but chastened in their laughter; these are "dark" people, — *i.e.*, reserved, as compared with the mainlanders. In Inishmaan, one morning, stories are told round the kitchen fire; and the author confesses to being strangely moved at hearing an illiterate old man, a native of that wet rock lost in the sea, telling a tale of a bargain for a pound of human flesh, and stories reminiscent of "Cymbeline" and other legends laden with European associations.

From the mouths of just such old men the playwright who had as yet all his playwriting before him took down the argument of more than one of his dramas, told in the picturesquely vivid language of the islanders: and all in the first person. It was thus that he heard the story which he later made into the one-act piece, "In the Shadow of the Glen." I name that play particularly, not on account of Mrs. Fiske's recent "discovery" of its possibilities, but because the playwright has so closely followed the narrative of the island storyteller; and because it is one of the earliest of Synge's productions: having been produced at the Molesworth Hall, Dublin, in October, 1903. There are but four personages: Dan Burke, an old farmer; Nora, his young wife; Micheal Dara, a young herder; and a tramp. The scene is "the last cottage at the head of a long glen in County Wicklow." It is characteristic of Synge's daring that his tramp, who comes to the cottage only to beg "a sup of new milk and a quiet decent place where a man could sleep," leaves it accompanied by "the woman of the house," whose husband had found her "a hard woman to please," and "a bad wife for an old man." It is characteristic of his powers, no less, that his reader accepts as natural, and perhaps as necessary, the changes brought about in four lives and in all their relations by the events of only a few moments. At the opening of the piece, woman and tramp are total strangers; they go out hand in hand, to sleep in a wet ditch. At the opening, the husband is jealous of a doltish young "herd," and sets a trap to catch his wife in sin with him. At the end of it, old Dan and young Micheal toast each other out of one bottle, and, "God help you, I don't mind you at all," says the ex-husband to the supplanted lover. One knows various writers who, with the tale of "The Shadow of the Glen" ready to hand, could have made a passable farce of it. John Synge has written pure comedy: and comedy that remains clean, albeit merciless, stripping its figures stark naked to the eyes of body and soul. But in that stripping, it is not the sordid alone that is uncovered. The restlessness, the vague dissatisfaction of the "hard woman to please," is as limitless as Hedda Gabler's restlessness and introspection.

Above all, one's sense of justice is quite satisfied with the *dénouement*. This last assertion holds good, equally, for all Synge's theatre. On reflection, it seems to us that everyone gets his deserts in these Irish dramas: in blows, in wettings, and in caresses. This is true of "The Shadow of the Glen" no more than of the much greater tragi-comedy, "The Playboy," which I shall not spoil by trying to condense. The principal figure of that piece runs the whole gamut of natural timidity and tearfulness, heroism (of its sort), and braggadocio. Like the woman who lived in the shadow of the glen, he has suffered from the loneliness and emptiness of life. His mood is murderous, but it is also amorous; and when it is amorous the poetry of a starved soul sings out unafraid. The Playboy experiences beatings and adulation, mockery and love and praise; and all these things belong to the youth to whom Synge has given substance and shadow. There is the same lyric beauty, heightened by contrasting irony, in "The Shadow of the Glen," with the tramp's invitation to "come along with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blather you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the big thrushes when the days are warm"; there is the same lyricism, and also the same justice, in "Riders to the Sea," the most perfect piece of them all, where not only a deep sense of the sea's power and pitilessness is conveyed, but where this power and pitilessness throw into relief the fatalism in which old Maurya is wrapped as in a garment: relaxed, at last, in her sense of the futility of struggle. This woman is much more than a widow of the wet west coast, mourning her lost mate and her lost children. Through this piece

* "The Aran Islands." By John M. Synge. With drawings by Jack B. Yeats. Dublin: Maunsel. 1907.

† Article, "The Aran Islands," by Maude Radford Warren; "Harper's Magazine," May, 1910.

rises, in her keening for the dead, a note of tragedy unalloyed: the tragedy of the sea, but also the tragedy of the Irish temper. In love with sorrow, and branded with sorrow's mark, Maurya loses the last of her sons even before the sea has closed above him. And, satiated with grief, she mourns his death less than she has grieved, during nine days, at death's premonition. The chapter is ended, and "I'll have no call now to be crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other," is her comforting thought. "No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied."

But if, in reading "Riders to the Sea," we have been purified by the quintessence of tragedy, its terror and pity, every one of these plays has its tragic comedians, idealists each in his way or hers, who all do, momentarily (and only momentarily) escape—through the windows of the imagination—from bitter and binding circumstance. Their theme is the yearning after beauty, or love, or heroism; the end is disillusion. Even of this bitterness is his comedy finally purged. Its purges are honest sympathy and pervasive humor.

IV.

"All art is a collaboration." Anyone happening upon this sentence in the brief preface to John Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" might fancy that here was a preaching playwright. Wrongly, beyond a shred of doubt, albeit Synge was a loyal member of the group of Abbey Theatre writers and players whose devotion to their artistic faith is as stout as their nationalism. But Synge, with no theses to lay down, took the world as he found it, as playwright and as citizen. He found it a world full of interesting surfaces; but he held that the drama, like the symphony, "does not teach or prove anything."*

Instead of that, and in spite of a kind of brooding sadness that is seldom wanting, Synge's work expresses a certain quality of the Irish realistic drama well brought out in the remark of a London play-reader to one of my friends. Their theme was the English-speaking stage. "Among the thousands of plays I have gone through in the last few years," said the play-reader, "a fair proportion have been the work of Irish men and Irish women. I have only to read a few pages of one of these plays to differentiate those posted to me from London, and those from across the Channel. Technically, the Irish pieces often stand below the English; but invariably they have an individual flavor, a kind of *interest in life and in living*, that stamps them instantly recognizable."

This quality is most in evidence in the work of the playwright who died so recently, at the height of his powers. Ageless as are his characters and their aspirations, the sun of to-day beats almost cruelly upon the actual landscape: landscapes that are, withal, very dear both to characters and to the playwright. In his comedies, he tells us of realities; in his verses, he bids his reader to

> "stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch,
> And drink in Tubber fair."

Except in one play—and that scarcely completed*—Synge celebrated, not the kings and queens of old Ireland, but tinkers who guzzle and swear, and tie up priests in sacks; blind beggars; a *playboy*, or "sport," who is acclaimed a hero for having killed his own father, and loses caste only on being proved a liar. The love-making of these pitilessly rendered types is, withal, as romantic as their oaths are eloquent. Romance was never more insistently demanded by a sophisticated public than by these simple-minded characters themselves. Pegeen, the publican's daughter, rejects her most promising suitor for no better reason than that he is "a middling kind of a scarecrow, with no savagery or fine words in him at all." The blind beggars of "The Well of the Saints" are satisfied, "smelling the things growing up, and budding from the earth," sniffing the furze sprouting on the hill, and hearing the lambs of Grianan, "though it's near drowned their crying is with the full river making noises in the glen."† To find such irrepressible poetry and nature-love as penetrates this prose, or so unbound an imagination, or such ceaseless conflict of native idealism with base realities, John Synge's readers must journey back to the Elizabethan drama at its most fiery. One remembers Matthew Arnold's tribute to Celtic romance: "full of exquisite touches, showing how deeply nature lets him (the Celt) into her secrets."

And yet, spontaneous, ebullient even, as his plays are, the preface to Synge's "Playboy," to which I have referred, does, however, very perfectly develop one line of theory. The playwright confines himself to discussing dialogue. "When I was writing 'The Shadow of the Glen,' some years ago," he tells us, "I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen." The anecdote is not reproduced simply for the light

*After writing these paragraphs, I had the pleasure of reading in the "New Quarterly" for February, 1910, in a paper by Mr. Francis Bickley, entitled "Synge and the Drama," the statement that "Synge was not part and parcel of the Irish Revival in the same way that Mr. Pádraic Colum, for instance, is part and parcel of it. Mr. Colum, it may be affirmed, has as an artist, been created by the movement. Synge became affected by it, but he was neither its parent nor its son."

*"Deirdre of the Sorrows": A Play in Three Acts. By John M. Synge. Cuala Press, Churchtown; 1910. The same tale out of Irish folk-lore has been treated dramatically by Mr. Yeats, Mr. Russell, and others: and as a narrative by Lady Gregory and by William Sharp. Synge's play was given its first performance at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in January of this year. Since then it has been performed by the same Irish players in London.

†"The Well of the Saints," a comedy in two acts, was published (London, 1905) by A. H. Bullen.

it casts upon one author's processes, nor yet because it reminds us of Molière and his Laforêt; it serves to point out the happy chance that made of Synge an *Irish* playwright, not a Londoner, or a cosmopolitanised Yankee. Yes, in Ireland two languages are spoken: one of them Ireland's by birthright, the second, falsely called English, — falsely, since this monument, though the bricks are English, was planned by Irish architects, and is quite unlike anything of English construction. Such a monument is Synge's. And, in finding new words for great themes, in this age when thought and words alike are all impotently stereotyped, as it were, a tremendous service is accomplished for English speech itself, as well as for the stage. It is not merely that homely phrases are used — the combinations of fisher-folk and farmers. It is that they are used without a loss of dignity, where dignity is demanded. The purely ridiculous, is, for that matter, never aimed at; even in the most boisterous of the comedies. Synge's humor, like all of humor that is ripest and best, is a shade too sad for noisy mirth.

As for his language, and its freshness, it is worth our while to read on in that preface of which a word has already been spoken. "In a good play," Synge writes there, "every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their eyes on poetry." And yet, if Ireland alone, of English-speaking lands, still uses "for a few years more" a speech that is, by turns, fiery and magnificent and tender, even Ireland shows no writers who share with Synge that fully flavored diction. As for the greater world, and the literature of towns, the linguistic sweetness of a Mallarmé or a Huymans lacks (as Synge himself expressed it) roots in the profound and common interests of life, while the realities of an Ibsen or Zola are coined in words joyless and pallid. The one thing is, however, no less essential than the other: the reality, and what Synge called "joy,"—what Hazlitt called "gusto." The dead playwright had them both. True, the casual visitor to Ireland may complain that never did he hear peasants use speech so telling as Synge's and that these peasants of the dramatist's make no discrimination between the natural and the supernatural. Yet Synge drew his peasants only after knowing them in their huts and by their hearths; the ringing speech of his rustics is the unhackneyed speech of that people, heard and reported by a poet. Indeed, their imagery is no literary exercise, but is only sufficient to the expression of unshamed emotion. This language belongs by right to a race of men who speak in English, but who think in Gaelic. Nor do the more primitive among contemporary Irishmen—and Irishwomen—much more critically discriminate between the natural and the miraculous than do the persons of "The Well of the Saints." Finally, to the sense of reality and the sense of full rich life and *gusto* which are found here in rare union is joined the skill of one who visualizes all that he has seen or heard of, and manages all with a hand which, seemingly careless, is none the less sure of its virtuosity. Whether or not Synge "rewrote his plays entirely perhaps twelve or thirteen times," * I have no personal knowledge; but not for nothing went those Paris years of study and experiment.

To-day, few Americans know the vigorous and racy speech of Synge's; his strong nationalism and scarcely less strong regionalism; his grasp of character generally, and of the Celtic character first of all. Have I conveyed to some few readers the invitation directly to interest themselves in John Synge — in his fearlessness without grossness, his tenderness without sentimentality, his untamed energy of action and his rare pungency of phrase? It was denied to Synge to live long enough to gain an international audience — in his own lifetime; and he died without achieving all the good work he promised to do in a world he loved well, in spite of seeing it clearly. But so far as he went, he walked firmly; there need be offered for his fulfilment no word of apology. Nor can we mean anything to him, now, we and our enthusiam: in spite of all that he may mean to us.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PENDING ENGLISH COPYRIGHT BILL contains one clause of preëminent importance, the others relating to details of comparatively minor significance. By the statute of 1842, which is still in force, the term of copyright is at present forty-two years, or the lifetime of the author and seven years thereafter, whichever period shall be the longer. If the new bill is passed the term will be the lifetime of the author and fifty years thereafter, in accordance with the recommendations of the Berlin Convention of 1909. This term is now in force in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Portugal, and Russia; while Italy grants copyright protection for the author's lifetime or for forty years, whichever term be the longer; Germany for the author's lifetime and thirty years; Spain for the author's lifetime and eighty years. The proposed English law would apply to citizens or residents of the kingdom or empire, and to citizens of states in copyright relations with Great Britain. It would be for the Crown to ascertain whether this country, under its statute of 1909, is granting such copyright protection to British subjects as to entitle it to claim the protection of the proposed law for its own citizens. Not unnaturally or unjustly would our manufacturing requirements and other petty restrictions be considered as barring us from the copyright privileges extended to other nations. Deplorable and humiliating is it that this country, because of its absurd

* See Lord Dunsany's criticism of the Court Theatre performances of "Deirdre," "Saturday Review," June 4, 1910: "But 'Deirdre of the Sorrows,' he had not time to rewrite, at least not more than once, and it may not be in all respects so perfect a play as his others, but it has a grander theme."

copyright laws, should be the only civilized nation excluded from the benefits to accrue from the deliberations, now in progress, of the Berne Convention in its attempts to harmonize and systematize the copyright requirements of the literary world.

* * *

THE PASSING OF A NOTED RHETORICIAN was chronicled in the death, on Christmas day, of Professor Adams Sherman Hill of Harvard University. How many a student of that admirable textbook, Hill's "Rhetoric," has fondly dreamed of writing his way to fame by a careful observance of those beautiful laws so clearly laid down and so aptly illustrated by the author! If it were not for the embarrassing necessity of having something to say before one can write with both power and correctness, Professor Hill would have created a multitude of eminent authors. In addition to his "Principles of Rhetoric," which appeared in 1878, and in a revised edition seventeen years later, he wrote "Our English," "The Foundations of Rhetoric," and an elementary textbook of rhetoric and composition. Born in Boston in 1833 of good ancestry on both sides, he struggled along for five years under the distasteful Christian name of Abijah, but was relieved of the incubus by legislative enactment in 1838. Harvard was, naturally enough, his college, and the law his first profession, which was early dropped for journalism, which in turn yielded to the more dignified attractions of the professorial chair. Assistant professor of rhetoric at Harvard from 1872 to 1876, he was made Boylston professor of rhetoric and oratory in the latter year, and professor emeritus in 1904. To have held the Boylston professorship of rhetoric, to the teachings from which famous chair so many of our celebrated earlier writers have acknowledged their indebtedness, is surely glory enough for any man.

* * *

MR. SHAW POKES FUN AT SHAKESPEARE, and gratifies his well-known desire to dig up Shakespeare's bones and throw stones at them, in the recently acted and more recently published one-act farce, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." The humor of this latest Shavian drama can hardly equal the humor of its being presented as part of a benefit performance in aid of the projected National Shakespearean Memorial Theatre. The real if not the ostensible motive of the play cannot be mistaken as a desire to make Shakespeare ridiculous by representing him as a snapper-up of other men's good sayings, a picker of other men's brains. In the opening scene a warder on the terrace at Whitehall Palace, whither Shakespeare has come to keep an appointment with Mary Fitton, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, happens to utter the phrase, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Thereupon Shakespeare: "Well said, Master Warder. With your leave I will set that down in writing; for I have a very poor and unhappy brain for remembrance. . . . Stare not so amazedly at me; but mark what I say. I keep tryst here to-night with a dark lady. She proposed to bribe the warder. I gave her the wherewithal; four tickets for the Globe Theatre." The Warder: "Plague on her! She gave me only two." Shakespeare (detaching a tablet): "My friend, present this tablet, and you will be admitted at any time when the plays of Will Shakespeare are in hand. Bring your wife. Bring your friends. Bring the whole garrison. There is ever plenty of room." The broad humor, not to say horse-play, of the piece is in harmony with its author's published expressions of modified admiration for the author of "Hamlet." The play may be read in full in the January number of "The Red Book."

* * *

THE INANITY OF OUR CURRENT DRAMA receives scathing condemnation at the hands of Professor Felix E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania, the well-known student of the early English stage. Induced in an idle moment to transfer his attention to the American stage of a quarter-millennium later, he decided it to be the part of wisdom for him still to remain two centuries and a half behind the times. "Our popular drama of to-day," he affirmed in a recent public address, "is vulgar, flippant, and inane; as a picture of life it is for the most part absurd. It would be difficult to find an art of any former degenerate age so devoid of ideas, so repetitious and preposterous, as the popular syndicated stage of to-day." Nor is it all to be accounted for by "commercialism, the want of an educational and established theatre, and the inherited antipathy of the godly." "There are hundreds who sit in open-eyed wonder before the glitter of tinsel decking a bevy of painted 'stage ladies' to one who could follow a dialogue of any subtlety with understanding. This is why our theatrical plots revolve in tedious repetition about the thirteen original situations, none of them original any longer, and why we continue to perpetrate on the stage, with bland, unblushing iteration, the eleven ancestral witticisms." And yet the time-honored "situations" have lost none of their virtue, given only a man of genius to infuse them with fresh life and interest. It is the new treatment of the old and familiar that the story-reader and the theatre-goer will always delight in, even as each man's life is of significance and worth to him just so far as it is a fresh presentation of universal experience. Shakespeare's "situations" were almost without exception already old in his own day, and scores of Greek tragedies were based on the calamitous history of a single family.

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COLONEL HIGGINSON'S EIGHTY-SEVENTH MILESTONE was passed the other day not unobserved by that wide-reaching public that reads his writings and admires his character and deeds. Among the visitors at his Cambridge home on that day the inevitable newspaper interviewer was of course conspicuously present. "What do you consider the great problem of our day? Slavery was the problem of your day, and that was settled." Thus the

man with open notebook and expectant pencil; to which the veteran abolitionist: "Yes, it was settled, but not easily, and it doesn't appear to be wholly settled yet. . . . Looking at the slavery question to-day, it looks simple enough — the way it was settled — but it didn't look simple then. And it is the same with the questions of to-day. They will look simple enough a generation hence, perhaps, although they do not look simple to us to-day. . . . It is impossible to tell how our present problems will be settled, but I am satisfied that the future is safe." And this hopeful outlook is taken even though the speaker is fully aware that "our civilization is vastly more complicated to-day than it was sixty years ago." It is always refreshing to find a man of Colonel Higginson's years who refuses to believe that the world, like a sucked orange, will be about ready to throw away as soon he shall have done with it.

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ANATOLE FRANCE ON THE QUESTION OF WOMEN "IMMORTALS" says some things of interest to a writer in "Le Temps." In view of Madame Curie's reported desire to become a member of the august body into whose assembly-room no petticoated person is at present allowed to so much as peep, what her distinguished compatriot has to say concerning the election of women to membership will not fail to command attention. "Yes," he declares, "I should call it perfectly legitimate for the Académie to elect women of talent and quality. Nothing seems to me more logical and traditional, and among the reasons that arise in my mind, as I examine the question without previous reflection, I see this argument at once: the very purpose of the Académie Française. What is that purpose? Unquestionably this: To conserve Beauty and Tradition in France, to represent genius and good manners, to associate them in a select company who thus incarnate the eminent qualities of this country, or at least what its founders believed to be its essential virtues. Now, woman is no stranger to good manners or French traditions; and a woman of talent, of nobility, of supreme distinction, may well deserve a place in the company who, in the eyes of certain people, represent the flower of the French virtues." That a country which has produced a Madame de Staël, a Sévigné, a Récamier, a Roland, a George Sand, and, finally, a scientist like Madame Curie, should seriously consider the propriety of creating *academiciennes*, is scarcely surprising.

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TWENTY THOUSAND BIOGRAPHIES IN BRIEF are contained within the covers of the English "Who's Who" for 1911. In spite of its compactness and its abbreviations, the book is rich in live human interest, and is even not devoid of humor. One enjoys remarking the different pastimes and diversions set against various names of note. Mrs. Jesse Saxby, for instance, amuses her leisure hours with "trying to write in rhyme" and "whist, the only game worth playing," Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour delight in golf, and the editor of "Punch" enlarges his biceps by swinging the croquet-mallet. The English passion for organizing multitudinous societies with long names betrays itself in the many and sufficiently puzzling abbreviations abounding in these miniature biographies. But there is an index to these cabalistic symbols, whereby one learns that a certain person of note, sporting the initials I.B.S.A., is a member of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association, and another, labeled with the letters S.C.A.P.A., belongs to the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising. "Who's Who" may not be quite so interesting as some novels, but it certainly will be found more interesting than certain other novels that might be named.

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SOME NEWLY-DISCOVERED WHITTIER POEMS are announced by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, the poet's biographer, who has for some time been occupying the old Whittier house at Amesbury. Referring to his study of a volume of "The New England Review" for 1830–31, Mr. Pickard said, as reported in the press: "While it was edited by Whittier, I find much that has escaped me hitherto. I have found a whole nest of poems by Whittier never before recognized as his. The signature was the odd one, 'Feramorz.' I find these 'Feramorz' poems are Whittier's, and that he used this signature before and after he became editor of the 'Review.'" When we recall at how tender an age Whittier produced verse of real merit, and remember that it was his first published poem (written in his twentieth year) that excited William Lloyd Garrison's enthusiasm and led him to predict the young writer's future fame, we may confidently hope that this "nest of poems" will prove to be a valuable discovery. We trust Mr. Pickard will procure their early publication.

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LITERARY TASTE IN A NEW YORK POLICEMAN has been manifesting itself in the expert censorship of plays whose alleged immoral tendency has caused complaint. Sergeant Quackenbos, a scholar and a linguist, with especial mastery of French, reported the other day to Police Commissioner Copsey in regard to a certain doubtful dramatic production that he found nothing offensive in it, but added: "As to the relative merits of the play, personally I consider it weak and insipid, devoid of force and the plot much injured by the apparent effort to eliminate from it everything forceful and decided, with the evident intention of placing upon it a construction so loose and open that even the most biassed opinion should find no cause for reproach." The recent annual blue-book report of the London commissioner of police reveals a great variety of talents and accomplishments among the eighteen thousand quiet and gentlemanly guardians of the law in that vast metropolis, but contains no mention of any such critical taste and power of literary expression as are possessed by Sergeant Quackenbos of New York.

The New Books.

The Life of an Empire-Builder.*

The flood of hasty biographies and other sketches of Cecil Rhodes that was let loose by his death in the spring of 1902 has long since subsided, and the season has arrived for a more deliberate and careful chronicling of the life-history of that remarkable man. A detailed account of him and his phenomenal achievements as financier and empire-builder is presented in Sir Lewis Michell's two-volume work, "The Life and Times of the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes," and simultaneously a personally reminiscent view of the man in his prime, as he was known to one much older than he but interested in the same problems of public policy and statesmanship, comes from the pen of Sir Thomas E. Fuller in his volume entitled "The Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes: a Monograph and a Reminiscence." South Africans both of them, these two authors have brought together enough details to make up a fairly complete portrait of their former friend and associate, painted however, as was to be expected, with every advantage of a favorable light and a becoming posture, and with the almost inevitable softening of harsher lines.

The main events of Rhodes's public life have long been too familiar to the world to render necessary here any recapitulation of them. Less stale and far more interesting will be a few glimpses of the inner workings of his mind, in boyhood and manhood, so far as they can be discerned, and an attempt to get clearly before us the ideals that inspired him and sustained him amidst the herculean labors he imposed on himself from an early age. That the two works above named furnish the material for forming a just estimate of the largeness of his ideals and of the vigor and originality of the mind that entertained them, will not be doubted when it is learned that the first-named of his biographers, as an executor and trustee under the will of Cecil Rhodes, has had free access to his private papers, while the other was on terms of something like intimacy with him for more than twenty years.

Sir Lewis Michell makes his hero's "dream of Empire" so early take possession of his thoughts that even as a child in plaided frock at Bishop's Stortford (where he was born in 1853, being the fifth of nine sons presented to the Reverend Francis William Rhodes by his second wife, Louisa Peacock, a lady of good family), he is conceived of as already planning enterprises of imperial scope. At any rate, it appears true that he was early given to periods of abstraction, that the ordinary pursuits of his fellows failed to engross him, that when once interested in any project his concentration of thought and energy was remarkable, and that, as his biographer says, "to the last he was a shy and solitary spirit, full of strange silences, and with a reserve difficult to break through." Early symptoms of the ailment that finally overcame him sent the boy Cecil in 1870 to Natal, where an elder brother was already breaking virgin soil as a cotton planter. The comparative loneliness of the new life and the vastness of the new lands open to colonization and conquest could not but favor the nursing of any projects of empire that the young English immigrant may have been disposed to cherish. The discovery of diamonds in the Orange Free State about the time of his arrival in South Africa, with the subsequent opening of large diamond-bearing tracts to the inrushing miners, must have still further inflamed the youth's imagination. Seeing clearly the power of money to forward his schemes of British dominion, he very soon forsook the humdrum of farming and engaged in the fierce excitement of diamond-hunting, buying and selling claims, forming and consolidating mining companies, and in a wonderfully short space of time proving himself the coolest, boldest, most successful of all that host of strenuous and not too scrupulous wealth-seekers.

Side by side with these plans of wealth and power, and rudely jostled by them, one would think, there were entertained other projects and wholly different ideals. When in the autumn of 1871 young Rhodes turned his back on farming and started for Colesberg Kopje in a Scotch cart drawn by a yoke of oxen, he carried with him, beside a bucket and spade, several volumes of the classics and a Greek lexicon — surely the strangest outfit known to the mining fraternity. An Oxford course and an Oxford degree were what the boy had set himself to obtain; not that he was consumed with any burning thirst for

*The Life and Times of the Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes, 1853-1902. By the Honourable Sir Lewis Michell, member of the Executive Council, Cape Colony. In two volumes. With portraits. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Right Honourable Cecil John Rhodes. A Monograph and a Reminiscence. By Sir Thomas E. Fuller, K.C.M.G., formerly member of the Legislative Assembly for the City of Cape Town, and subsequently Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope. With portraits and other illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

academic knowledge, so far as can be judged, nor that he felt irresistibly drawn to the classics of Greece and Rome, but because he had calmly reasoned the matter out and decided that an Oxford degree would help him in the path he had marked out for himself. The charm of the ancient university, and the value of associations there formed by the undergraduate, he felt and acknowledged to the full; and throughout his life any reminder of his college days was sure to move him. The course at Oxford, much interrupted by necessary visits to South Africa, was at last completed and the coveted diploma obtained; and the college (Oriel) that had consented to receive so irregular a student, after he had elsewhere been repulsed, profited thereby in due time, to the extent of one hundred thousand pounds. The story of the Rhodes scholarships, a fitting sequel to the tale, is now of course an old one.

The young diamond-digger's sublime confidence in his future is splendidly attested in the magniloquent terms of a will that he caused to be drawn as early as 1877, when he was but twenty-four years old. In this remarkable document he leaves his entire estate (before he has acquired it) to Lord Carnarvon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and to his successors in office, and to his friend Sidney Godolphin Shippard of the Inner Temple, "in Trust," the purpose of the trust being, as formally stated, "to and for the establishment, promotion, and development of a Secret Society, the true aim and object whereof shall be the extension of British rule throughout the world, the perfecting of a system of emigration from the United Kingdom, and of colonization by British subjects of all lands where the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labor, and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire Continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the Valley of the Euphrates, the Islands of Cyprus and Candia, the whole of South America," and so on, leaving scarcely a square foot of the uninhabited or uncivilized globe to other countries, and even providing for the "ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire," and, best of all, seeking "finally, the foundation of so great a Power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity."

Of Rhodes's political honors and offices in the Cape Colony, and of his amazing success in amassing a fortune, with all the interesting and intricate intertwining of his political and his money-getting schemes and activities, nothing can here be said. Sir Lewis Michell's book goes into all that quite adequately, and the shorter work of Sir Thomas Fuller contains some additional particulars. The famous Jameson Raid figures also as an important topic in both books, the first-mentioned devoting nearly fifty pages to it and ending with the assertion that "the idea prevalent in some quarters that the inception of the Raid is still wrapped in mystery is wholly erroneous. The vital facts are all in print, and there are no unrevealed secrets." The two authors agree in making Rhodes by no means free from responsibility in the affair, but its importance as precipitating the Boer War is emphatically denied by one of them. Touching on the much-discussed "Kruger telegram" from the German Emperor at the time of the raid, Sir Lewis has this to offer respecting the subsequent interview between Rhodes and his Imperial Majesty:

> "I imagine that a verbatim report of the interview between Rhodes and the Emperor will never see the light of day, but there is reason to believe that during their conversation the Emperor asked for his opinion of his famous 'Kruger telegram' at the time of the Raid, and that Rhodes replied, 'I will tell you, your Majesty, in a very few words. It was the greatest mistake you ever made in your life, but you did me the best turn one man ever did another. You see, I was a naughty boy, and you tried to whip me. Now, my people were quite ready to whip me for being a naughty boy, but directly *you* did it, they said, "No, if this is anybody's business it is *ours*." The result was that your Majesty got yourself very much disliked by the English people, and I never got whipped at all!'"

An interesting consequence of this momentous interview, and a substantial proof of the favorable impression then made upon his South African guest by the Kaiser, was the inclusion of Germany among the Rhodes Scholarship beneficiaries, and the leaving of the selection of German Rhodes scholars entirely in his Majesty's hands. So, at least, we are led to believe.

Turning from the larger work, whose author does not hesitate to acclaim his hero as "the greatest of modern Englishmen," we must say a few words in commendation of the smaller. Its evidences of the intimate acquaintance enjoyed by its author with Cecil Rhodes give it unquestioned value and vivid interest to the reader. Let us quote from an early page its description of Mr. Rhodes:

> "Mr. Rhodes was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with face and figure of somewhat loose formation. His hair was auburn, carelessly flung over his forehead, his eyes of bluish grey, dreamy but kindly. But the mouth—aye, that was 'the unruly member' of his face. With

deep lines following the curve of the moustache, it had a determined, masterful, and sometimes scornful expression. Men cannot, of course, think or feel with their mouths, but the thoughts of Cecil Rhodes soon found their way to that part of his face. At its best it expressed determined purpose — at its worst, well, I have seen storms of passion gather about it and twist it into unlovely shapes. Neither sculptor nor painter knew just what to do with it."

The indifference to small matters always shown by this large-patterned man is refreshing to read about. In dress, while he was at home in any costume, he took so slight heed of convention and fashion that, unless watched and warned by careful friends, he would many a time have shocked Mrs. Grundy by appearing in Scotch tweeds where broadcloth was *de rigueur*. The account of his home life and bachelor habits at Groote Schuur is agreeable reading, and the description of his library, where at great expense he had collected all the authorities consulted by Gibbon in writing his "Decline and Fall," forms one of the best chapters in the book. With its emphasis on the human and the more lovable side of the man, this fragmentary account of him admirably supplements the longer and more ambitious work.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A CRITICISM OF MODERN ART.*

Mr. Babbitt has produced, in "The New Laokoön," a delightful and stimulating book. I recall nothing in recent years in the literature of æsthetics which is of the same interest. It has the charm of a broad view of historical changes and conditions, and the value of a soundly developed thought on matters of theory. It is an excellent book for people who feel mixed up or puzzled at the chaotic condition of ideals now current in music, painting, literature; who want a clue to find their way out of the labyrinth of dissolving views offered us by the latest excitements in each of the arts. And those who are not puzzled, and who like the excitement of constant experiment and change, will be interested in this effort to make matters a little more regular and systematic. Even the most extravagant may well enjoy this survey of their eccentricities, though they may not sympathize with the spirit which animates it.

The Laokoön of Lessing, although a book of unique position, has not been so powerful an influence as a good many works which in themselves could not claim the same eminence. There are many books — or many critics, to be more exact — that have impressed themselves on men's minds and action far more powerfully. Ruskin has been a far more powerful influence than Lessing, I should say; and so has Taine. Indeed, one could count a score of rivals beginning with Winckelmann or Goethe, and coming down to Morelli and Anatole France. The chief idea of Lessing that was expressed in the Laokoön, the distinction between the functions of the different arts, was not heeded. On the other hand, the period following Lessing shows very great confusion between the aims and methods of the different arts, and very great enthusiasm in trying to make all the arts only different ways of doing the same things. Poets have emulated painters, and musicians poets. Painters have in general been content to paint; but even among the painters there have been those who aimed at symphonies on the one hand, and those who were anxious to tell stories on the other. The immense production of art in the nineteenth century has resulted in an almost intoxicated delight in trying to do anything and everything with every or any art and in any and every way.

It is this continued confusion and grand hurlyburly that gives occasion to Mr. Babbitt for his survey of the conditions of artistic theory as we see it in the work of art since Lessing, and for his presentation of some critical canons designed to offer, if not a shelter in the time of storm, at least a breathing-space in a time of general artistic exhilaration and excitement. I think such an effort will be greeted with pleasure by many. The mere idea of there being such a book will, I am sure, be a relief to not a few who may never read it. There surely must be many who would be glad to stop looking at some grey thing of Whistler's and trying to find any symphony or any white in it, who would be glad to stop thinking they ought to find in Strauss anything philosophic or like Nietzsche, — people who will like to stop skipping passages on persons or landscapes which mention all the colors of the rainbow but do not enable us to see any, or who will be glad to think it respectable to read a story or see a play that has no problem or message or criticism of life in it.

Lessing failed to impress his contention upon the generations that followed him. He had a clear idea that there were definite forms of art which owed their charm and their power to being themselves and not something else. He

*THE NEW LAOKOÖN. An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

spoke of the arts of poetry and painting, and distinguished between their possibilities; but his understanding of what each should do or could do was based upon his understanding of what both tried to do. He believed that poetry must deal with things as viewed in the relation of time, and that painting should deal with them as they appeared in space; but he held that both should present an imitation of nature. And, further, he was a classicist, in that he believed in having things clear-cut, rational, definite. To him, the main thing in poetry was a well-ordered fable; in painting, a well-ordered composition.

It is not unnatural, then, that a century like the nineteenth, in which the classic tradition was by no means binding — in which, in fact, the rejection of classic aims and methods was almost an aim in itself,—that such a time should have lost sight of the distinction whereby one might attain to classic result.

Mr. Babbitt finds the key to all this confusion of effort and effect in the influence of Rousseau. Rousseau exalts the imagination; and one penetrated with the spirit of Rousseau, though he might be devoted to Nature, would scarcely endure the discipline of imitating or following her closely. It is not a picture of the world that romantic art is to give us: it is a record of the sensations of the romanticist as he views the world, and such a record of sensations may easily stimulate our powers even to things that never were or could be in the world. The romanticist had not so much in mind to give an idea of what others were doing or had done as to stimulate one to do something oneself or to think of doing it. "His aim," in Mr. Babbitt's words, "is not so much to paint action as to suggest reverie."

In following out this idea, Mr. Babbitt deals especially with two directions of nineteenth century art, — namely, word-painting and programme music, — and handles them in a broad and excellent way. Programme music is something which some think is the only music, and some think hardly music at all. It would certainly seem that the fact that few people as a rule can tell what the music means unless they have the programme in hand or in mind, would make it doubtful if music was here dealing with what music could deal with; but Mr. Babbitt presents many interesting examples, of which the one I like best is that of the man who was enthusiastic over the way that the master had indicated in his tone-poem "the whistling of the wind through the arms of a mill, but was told that what the master had really tried to render in this passage was the bleating of a flock of sheep!" Word painting includes the whole range of suggestive prose, as well as much modern poetry, where the idea of the writer is not to convey any definite idea of something he has seen or known, but to stimulate in the reader an imaginative range more or less like that which he experiences himself. We do not need to be told how important these two forces have been in nineteenth century art.

Even more important, because the element is more penetrating, is Mr. Babbitt's discussion of the question of form and expression. Romanticism is lyric, in that it has always honored self-expression: even the realists who believed in the most detailed views of environment allowed that such views must be modified by the artist's temperament. And here Mr. Babbitt speaks of the novel, the most prolific if not the most important of the art-forms of the century: he says it is the form "that lends itself most naturally to all the meanders of feeling," to a vast overflow of "soul" in the romantic sense. But he is satisfied with suggesting this opportunity for the triumph of expression over form (and certainly anybody can think of enough examples), and deals for the most part with scientific or philosophic manifestations of the same thing in nineteenth century thought.

It is certainly a most interesting review,* and, as I have said, there must be many who will want to read it. It is a book that has something for various classes of readers. Those who know the subject well will find it interesting, with much to agree or disagree with. Such a view of periods in literature or art is always interesting when done by a competent man, and we have here the addition of a theoretical position on a burning question. But the book is by no means a mass of generalizations; in fact, Mr. Babbitt more commonly deals with special cases. So there will be many who will not be so much interested in the sweeps of æsthetic theory, who will be interested in considering whether sky-scrapers are beautiful. Indeed, perhaps the ranging of many minor points into one general discussion is quite as valuable for the general reader as the making of large generalizations. What shall we think, for instance, of the vitality and ugliness of much

* In what goes before I have allowed myself as a rule to use Mr. Babbitt's illustrations and now and then his own words and phrases without acknowledgment. Whatever is good is likely to be his.

of Rodin? Is there really any common sense in Bernard Shaw? What is the use of a symbol in art? How shall a man defend his still liking Mozart? What is to be done about Richard Strauss's depiction of the baby's bath, not only with full orchestra, but also fifty additional instruments, including four saxophones, a triangle, a glockenspiel, and a bass drum? Or, to go further back, was Keats an Elizabethan born out of due season? Was he all Greek? Is the subject of Wordsworth's "Simon Lee" really a matter for fine poetry? What did Beethoven try to do in the "Pastoral Symphony"? And so on. Those things, or others of the same kind, are such things as people often argue about, with no idea of any principle to give them a starting-point. Mr. Babbitt's survey of romantic art gives them at least something to agree or disagree on.

I have said but little, perhaps not enough, of the constructive part of this book. It is evident from the title that Mr. Babbitt believes that art can do most for the human spirit when each art does that for which it is especially adapted. The greater part of the essay is devoted to a consideration of what has happened when every artist did whatever he fancied at the moment. But the last part of the essay is more constructive, and presents something of an ideal of a right joining of appropriate form and genuine expression. The reader with some tincture of æsthetic will probably find this part of the book most interesting. Mr. Babbitt stands for an ideal of Humanism that is growing in charm every day; though, as he admits, it cannot even now see the prospect of early dominance.

I wish him good luck! I must confess that I do n't quite know whether I agree with him or not. I am just now rather confused in my ideas in æsthetics. But I can at least appreciate such a brilliant and original study as this, even though it tries to overturn some of my favorites.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

MEN AND MANNERS OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA.*

With "The Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," Dr. Philip Alexander Bruce has completed the publication of his studies in the first century of Virginia history. In previous volumes he has pictured in detail the economic and social aspects of early times in the Old Dominion; while in these two large volumes of 700 pages each he describes those institutions and conditions with which he has not already dealt. The work is therefore confined to a description of the political and administrative phases of colonial history. But governmental activities had a wide range in those days, even though in a frontier community; and they are here described in 125 chapters which are arranged to cover the five general subjects of Religion and Morals, Education, Legal Administration, Military System, and Political Condition. Each subject is treated exhaustively, with a wealth of fact and illustration that may be somewhat wearisome to the general reader but will be eagerly welcomed by the student and the historian who may use this work, and the previous volumes, as the ultimate authority on the period treated. Nothing of importance has been neglected, and much that would be unimportant in the history of a later time is here developed at length as throwing light on the formative period of the first Anglo-American colony. None of the sources have been overlooked; the author says that he has made "a personal examination of all the original documents bearing on the subject preserved not only in this country but in the great English depositories." The work will be valuable not only for the immense amount of information which it contains, but also for the general conclusions — not too many — at which the author arrives after his thorough examination of the sources.

Dr. Bruce looks upon his subject from the imperialistic — the British — point of view, not from the narrowly colonial standpoint; that is, he considers seventeenth century Virginia as an outlying district of the Empire, an expansion of England in men, in manners and customs, and in institutions. The English inheritances were modified, though not radically, by the necessities of a frontier environment, and not by intention. No other of the Anglo-American colonies was so like Mother England. The author says of this fact:

> "In considering retrospectively the different conditions prevailing in Virginia during the seventeenth century, the historian is deeply impressed with its close resemblance in all the varied aspects of its life, save the agricultural alone, to the mother country. The colony had been settled, not, like New England, by the representatives of a single section of the English people, namely, those in sympathy with a special phase of religious belief and its austere social influences, but by rep-

* INSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF VIRGINIA IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. An Inquiry into the Religious, Moral, Educational, Legal, Military, and Political Condition of the People. By Philip Alexander Bruce, LL.D. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

resentatives of the English people at large, who were profoundly devoted to the monarchical principles, to the doctrines of the Anglican Church, and to the liberal and generous social traditions of their race. The conditions observed in Virginia were, as a consequence, much nearer to those which, in these early times, gave a distinctive character to an English community; it was much more a segment of the mother country, because more reflective of the typical diversities of life and thought there, — indeed, it can be justly said that Virginia, in the seventeenth century, resembled England as closely as it was possible for a sparsely settled colony of small wealth, situated in a remote quarter of the globe, to do."

In nothing did the colony resemble England more than in its religious establishment and in its moral standards. The church organization, with its parish, vestry, tithes, and glebe, was the Anglican establishment on a small scale; the chief but important difference being that the clergymen held their places not permanently, but by the year, at the pleasure of the vestry. Of the beginning of the Church in English America, the author gives some details of interest. The first church edifice consisted of a sailcloth tied to the trunks of trees.

"As thus spread out, it afforded an ample shelter from the rays of the sun. The walls of this impoverished sacred edifice were made of rails mauled from timber procured on the spot; the seats, of round and unhewed logs; and the pulpit, of a bar of wood nailed to two trees. When the sky became overcast and rain fell, the services were held in a large tent brought over from England. . . . [The second church] was made apparently of rough sawn planks or unhewed logs, in the shape of a barn; the roof was covered with rafts, sedge, and earth; and so, we are informed, were the walls; while the weight of the whole rude structure rested upon crotchets."

Church-going was enforced by law, and any breaches of morality were punished by severe penalties. After careful study, Dr. Bruce concludes that on the whole the Virginia clergy were not generally "of loose lives and ungodly conversation," but averaged as good as those of England at the same time, and that the people were religious, and more moral than their English contemporaries. Since the Church was a department of the State, the activity of the government in ecclesiastical affairs is fully described. The following quotations show that New England had no monopoly of stringent church rules:

"Whoever omitted going to church was punished for the first offence by the loss of his day's allowance; for the second, by a severe whipping; and for the third, by his condemnation to the galleys for a period of six months. Profanation of God's name by an unlawful oath was, for the second offence, to be punished with a bodkin's thrust through the tongue; and for the third, with death; and the penalty of death also was to be paid by whoever stole one of the sacred articles belonging to the church building. . . . During the seventeenth century the supervision exercised by the authorities to ensure a proper observance of the Sabbath was, in some respects, quite as strict in Virginia as it was in New England, where the stern and austere code of the Puritans was so rigidly enforced in all the departments of life. Even the most trivial violations of the sacred character of the day were invariably punished; and this seems all the more remarkable in a community where all the amusements and pleasures within the people's reach were heartily encouraged provided they were not carried to a point dangerous to the peace and moral health of society."

But in time the innumerable influences of the frontier and the reaction against the formalism of the Anglican Church resulted in the rise of dissent, not of the Puritan kind, for Puritanism no more than persecution could exist in such a sparsely settled region, but of the more liberal and emotional kind. Dr. Bruce says of the cause and growth of dissent:

"Loyal as the great mass of the people were to the Church of England, as represented in their ministers and parish churches, there was nothing in the manner in which it imparted its religious consolations to vivify, from time to time, the religious instincts of its congregations in the spirit of the modern religious revival. Now this was precisely what the early Quakers did. They found in those thinly settled and remote communities a population strongly disposed by their situation to religious thought, and ready to fall almost headlong into indulgence of religious emotions as soon as that chord in their hearts was touched. The missionaries of the sect made a direct appeal at the very heart. Religion dropped the formalities of the liturgy and spoke to the spirit in the language of every day. It became personal, urgent, irresistible. It is not at all improbable that nothing but the unpractical features of Quakerism prevented a far more general conversion to that faith than seems to have really occurred."

The chapters on education as fostered by the government bring out new and interesting information. Strong public sentiment in favor of free education existed; but this, the author shows, could not become effective because of the thinly scattered population. Those who were able had tutors at their homes for their children, and later sent them to England. Like the classic pedagogue, these tutors were frequently purchased servants. One colonist leaves by will a sum for the purchase of a teacher of English and Latin for his children; another purchases one Thomas Hellier, promising him that he is to be a tutor and not be required to work as a field-hand except when there is an extraordinary demand for labor and then only "for a short spurt." A college was early projected, but not until late in the century was the College of William and Mary established. When James Blair was in England in behalf of

a college, he represented to Lord Seymour that it would help the church. Seymour thought a college unnecessary. "But, my Lord," remonstrated Blair, "the colonists have souls to save." "Souls! Damn their souls!" was the reply; "make tobacco." The greater number of the children, however, were taught the rudiments in the "Old Field School."

"Such a school was established at some spot in convenient reach of every boy and girl in a whole neighborhood. In order to insure this, it was customary to build the schoolhouse in some old field, long abandoned to pine and broom-straw, which occupied a central situation; and here, during the hours when the school session was not in progress, the building remained locked, vacant, and silent; but during the hours of instruction it was filled with the murmurs of recitation, and the confused sound of whispering tongues and shuffling feet. From the adjacent forest came the voices of birds singing in the branches, and in winter the roar of the wind in the bare treetops. The whole scene was marked by the spirit of extreme remoteness and seclusion; and only the presence of the shouting and dancing children in the hours of play, or the smoke curling up from the chimney in the hours of work, gave it any apparent connection with the world of human beings."

By studies of the records, of wills, and of voting-lists, the author decides that the proportion of illiterates in the entire white population was in the last quarter of the century a little less than half; but only a fourth of the women could read. Books, which were always valued in terms of tobacco, were somewhat plentiful, and there was a fair degree of culture.

For defense, the colony had only the old English militia based upon the principle of the Assize of Arms; arms and ammunition were strangely scarce, and the authorities as well as the people were sometimes very apprehensive of foreign Indian attacks, and were correspondingly relieved when the danger was passed. Governor Berkeley, in 1666, after a threatened attack by the Dutch, wrote to Charles II.: "As we are further out of danger, so we approach nearer to Heaven with our prayers that your Sacred Majesty's enemies may either drink the sea or bite the dust."

The law of Virginia was the law of England in spirit and in letter; but the court system was much simpler than the English, the procedure less complicated, and the justice dispensed was not only law but equity. Lawyers and law books were few. A very remarkable contrast with English conditions was the administration of criminal law. Where in England three hundred offenses were punishable by death, less than half a dozen led to the gallows in Virginia. In the administration of criminal law the colony was a century and a half in advance of the mother country. But if the punishments were not brutal they were at least numerous in kind; hanging, fine, imprisonment, the lash, the white sheet, tying neck and heels, the wooden horse, the stocks, the pillory, ducking, and public apology, are among the examples given. Since the jails were only ten feet by fifteen, we may assume that prisoners were few.

Tracing the early political institutions, Dr. Bruce shows that the House of Burgesses, which "broke out" in 1619, was a natural development and not an unexpected happening. However, the event was of extraordinary importance.

"It was not until 1618 that the first legislative assembly of English-speaking people to convene in the Western Hemisphere met at Jamestown; and from that year, which was made forever memorable by this great event, to the present date, there has been no discontinuance in practice of the principle of popular representation within the area of country covered by the modern United States."

In summing up, Dr. Bruce finds that in several rather important particulars Virginia was unlike England: the agricultural system was extensive, not intensive; slave labor was a main reliance; there was no law of primogeniture; land titles were recorded, not kept in private control; legal administration was simple; clergy were hired by the year; manhood suffrage gave a democratic assembly; public service was paid for. These influences tended to make a different people of the Virginians, but there were stronger ones which tended to make Virginia a new England,—the common English descent of the people; the presence of the several classes of society; the purely English social peculiarities; the education of leaders in England; the Anglican establishment; the system of large estates; the identity of moral and religious standards; and, finally, the similarity of legal and political institutions. Early Virginia history is therefore the history of the successful transplanting of English institutions under conditions different from those of England, and of the successful development and modification of those institutions. Of the supreme importance of the expansion of England into America, Dr. Bruce says in closing:

"If to-morrow a vast wave from the Atlantic, set in motion by some appalling convulsion of nature, should sink England forever below the level of the ocean, and thus destroy the last remnant of her population and the last vestige of her cities and her fields, yet in her spirit, which represents all that is highest in nations as in individual men, she would still survive in that great power over sea, whose seed she planted, whose growth she nourished, and whose chief claim to the respect of mankind will always be in upholding those general

ideas of law, government, and morality, which its people inherited from the little island lying like an emerald in the stormy seas of the North. From this point of view, the foundation of Jamestown becomes the greatest of all events in the modern history of the Anglo-Saxon race, and one of the very greatest in the history of the world. From this point of view also the conditions prevailing in colonial Virginia — the foremost and most powerful of all of the English dependencies of that day, and the one which adopted the English principles and ideas most thoroughly, and was most successful in disseminating them — becomes of supreme interest; for from these conditions was to spring the characteristic spirit of one of the greatest of modern nationalities; and from these conditions was to arrive a permanent guarantee that, whatever might be the fate of England herself, the Anglo-Saxon conception of social order, political freedom, individual liberty, and private morality, should not perish from the face of the earth."

WALTER L. FLEMING.

A FAMOUS PUBLISHER OF THE 18TH CENTURY.*

Most students of the drama and of eighteenth-century poetry are familiar with Dodsley's "Collection of Plays" and "Collection of Poems," usually called "Dodsley's Miscellany"; but many people will be surprised to learn how important Robert Dodsley was in his own generation, not only as a publisher but as a poet and playwright. It is strange that a man so prominent in the literary circles of London between 1735 and 1764 — the friend of Pope, of Shenstone, of Johnson, of the Wartons, of Bishop Percy, and publisher for all of them — should have been so neglected by literary historians. But it is so; for Robert Dodsley has received only casual mention even from the men who know that period best. It is a pleasure, therefore, to find that Mr. Ralph Straus, the author of "Robert Dodsley, Poet, Publisher, and Playwright," has not only made a welcome contribution to the history of English literature in the eighteenth century, but has done an exceptionally careful and satisfactory piece of work.

Dodsley began his literary career in 1729, with "Servitude, a Poem. . . Written by a Footman," and if one came upon only that work, or its successor of 1732, "A Muse in Livery: or the Footman's Miscellany," one might be excused for thinking him merely another mildly interesting phenomenon, like Taylor the Water Poet, or Stephen Duck the Thresher Poet. But Dodsley published, in February, 1735, his "Toy-shop, a Dramatick Satire," which went into a fourth edition in April, and a sixth before the year was out; moreover, the "Toy-Shop" was popular on the stage of both the theatres. "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," which followed in 1737, was a favorite on the stage for many years. In 1740 came his "Chronicle of the Kings of England," in style a parody of the Bible; and in 1750, "The Œconomy of Human Life," a series of maxims. All of these went through numerous editions and translations, and must have been among the "best sellers" of their time. Dodsley's tragedy of "Cleone," in 1758, was a less pronounced success, but far from a failure. In addition, among clever epigrams and mediocre verses Dodsley achieved one song which his biographer rightly calls "near to immortality,"—"One kind kiss before we part." It is evident, therefore, that Robert Dodsley is by no means a negligible figure in the literature of the age of Johnson.

It is as a publisher, of course, that Dodsley is of most interest and importance. Mr. Straus gives a good deal of space to an illuminating discussion of his business shrewdness—notably his acceptance of Joseph Warton's "Odes" and his refusal to publish Collins's—and devotes over seventy pages to a very careful bibliography of the books he issued. Dodsley may well have been proud of his books. Consider this brief list of the most notable: Glover's "Leonidas"; Pope's "Letters," as well as some of his poems; Johnson's "London," "Vanity of Human Wishes," "Irene," "Rasselas," and his "Dictionary"; Shenstone's "Schoolmistress"; Young's "Night Thoughts"; Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination"; Joseph Warton's "Odes" and his "Essay on Pope"; Spence's "Polymetis"; Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton," and his "Elegy"; Paltock's "Peter Wilkins," and Fielding's "Amelia"; Voltaire's "Siecle de Louis XIV.," and Lowth's "De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum"; Gilbert West's "Odes of Pindar," and Tom Warton's "Observations on the Faëry Queen"; Dyer's "Fleece"; Burke's "Account of the European Settlements in America," and his "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful"; the second edition of Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors"; the London editions of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sermons of Mr. Yorick"; Percy's "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry" and "Reliques" (this last after Robert Dodsley's death); Evans's "Specimens of the Welsh Bards," and Goldsmith's "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe."

* ROBERT DODSLEY, POET, PUBLISHER, AND PLAYWRIGHT. By Ralph Straus. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co.

One of the noteworthy things about this list is that it represents not merely Classicism or Romanticism, but practically all the literary currents of the age.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Straus did not give us more information about those details of printing in the eighteenth century which are so useful and so very hard for even the special student to come by. He never tells us, for instance, how large an "edition" was; and yet it is to be presumed some information on the subject was accessible to him in Dodsley's papers. It is a pity, too, that he did not supplement his bibliography by an analysis of its contents, since it is too long for many generalizations to be obvious, and yet examination brings to light much that is interesting. For example, we find that in the thirty years of Dodsley's career as a publisher he issued over seven hundred books, of which nearly half are poems or plays — though the plays form only a small fraction — and under ten per cent are religious. Essays, letters, scientific and historical works, do not quite equal the poetry. It is significant, too, both of the taste of Dodsley's generation and of his own judgment as a publisher, that nearly a third of the poems and plays went into two or more editions. His list of fiction includes only twenty-six titles, but fourteen of them were reprinted at least once. Of the dozen books which went into six or more editions, three were of Dodsley's own making — his "Toy-shop," his "Miscellany," and his "Œconomy of Human Life"; among the others were the "Night Thoughts," the "Elegy," the "Pleasures of Imagination," Cotton's now forgotten "Visions in Verse," an alteration of "Comus," and an Anatomy.

Examination of the bibliography shows further that over three-fifths of Dodsley's books sold for one shilling six pence or less, and only about one-tenth for over six shillings. Dodsley's highest priced book was Johnson's Dictionary, the two volumes of which sold for four pounds ten shillings; but Dodsley shared the risks with five other publishers. The most expensive books which Dodsley issued by himself were an "England Illustrated" in two volumes at fifty-six shillings, Spence's "Polymetis" at forty-two shillings six pence, "L'Ecole des Armes" at forty-two shillings, and the "Memoirs of Clanrickarde" at thirty-one shillings six pence. Dodsley and Tonson together issued at fifty shillings a two-volume "Don Quixote" (Jarvis's translation), which went into a third edition. Mr. Straus speaks of the frequency with which Dodsley shared the risks and profits of books with other publishers, but does not point out that these partnerships were about as often in shilling and sixpenny books as in more expensive ones.

In comparison with Dodsley, the Newberys between 1740 and 1800 published about five hundred and fifty books — less than four-fifths as many as Dodsley in twice the length of time. Less than a sixth of the Newberys' publications were poems or plays; and out of some eighty books of fiction, a majority were sixpenny or shilling abridgments of "Robinson Crusoe," "Clarissa," "Don Quixote," and the like. The Newberys made a specialty of juvenile books, which formed more than a third of their output. This last fact explains why the Newberys sold more than a third of their books for sixpence or less, as against a sixth of Dodsley's. The Newberys far outstripped Dodsley in frequent editions, but have only Goldsmith to put against Dodsley's long list of notable authors. Hasty examination of a modern publisher's catalogue, which contains some 1500 titles in general literature, shows that nearly ten per cent of his books sell for six dollars or over, and only about five per cent for less than forty cents — clear evidence of the increased market for expensive books, as well as of the decline of the old practice of issuing single essays and poems as pamphlets.

In what Mr. Straus has done, however, he has been exceptionally accurate and thorough, as will be evident from this very brief list of additions and corrections — all the reviewer could find after a good deal of checking up:

P. 47. Johnson's "London" is said to have appeared in May, but on p. 319 the Bibliography records two editions in April.

P. 86. Swift's "Directions to Servants" was "issued posthumously on Feb. 13th, 1746." That was the date of the second edition, according to the Bibliography, which records the first edition on Oct. 31, 1745, less than two weeks after Swift's death.

P. 319. Ogle's imitations of Horace's First and Third Epistles in 1738 have the comment: "Other Epistles seem to have been published at the same time." Ogle's imitation of the Second Epistle appeared in 1735; see B.M. 11630. c. 10 (4).

P. 325. "Katherine Phillips" was a pseudonym of James Bramston.

P. 327. The University of Chicago has a copy of "Grobianus, or the Compleat Booby,

by Roger Bull, Esq. London: printed for T. Cooper. Price bound 4s. 1739."

P. 329. Unless my notes are wrong, B.M. 643. l. 28 (14) is a copy of the first edition of "The Alarm."

P. 337. "Venus and Ardella" should be "Venus and Ardelia."

P. 337. The University of Chicago's copy of Johnson's "Irene" has on the title-page "as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane."

P. 339. The Harvard Library has a copy of West's "Pindar."

P. 340. The University of Chicago has a copy of "The Complaint. . . printed for A. Millar . . . and R.D. . . 1750."

P. 340. "Penshurst" was by Francis Coventry; see Dodsley's "Collection," 1758, 4. 50.

P. 340. Add: Fawkes, (Francis). The Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus, and Musæus," &c., 3s. Advertised in Public Ledger, Apr. 1, 1750: "Subscribers are desired to send for their books immediately to Messrs. Dodsley or Newbery."

P. 340. "Peter Wilkins" was by Robert Paltock.

P. 341. Add: Smart (Christopher). Poetical Works. The Gen. Evening Post, Aug. 4, 1750, has proposals for one volume, 4to, at 10s. 6d., to be delivered 20th Feb., 1751, on application to Bathurst, Dodsley, or Newbery.

P. 347. The University of Chicago has a copy of "Pompey the Little. Printed for M. Cooper, 1751."

P. 350. "Some Reflections on . . . Boadicia" is, I think, by Dr. Pemberton.

P. 353. "The Fable of Cebes" should be the "Table of Cebes."

P. 354. The entries for Dec. on this page should be for Jan.

Pp. 354 and 361. Balby (Geo.) should be Bally.

P. 362. "Theatrical Records." The University of Chicago has "Theatrical Records; or an Account of English Dramatic Authors and their Works. London: Printed for R. & J. Dodsley . . . 1756."

P. 363. Boyce's "Poems" were published this year by Dodsley, Newbery, and one other. See "A Bookseller of the Last Century," 176.

Pp. 371 and 372. The "Letters of Lady Juliet Catesby," &c., were by Frances Brooke, as recorded on p. 383.

P. 372. Add: "Comus, . . . London: Printed for A. Millar . . . 1760."

P. 373. The "Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph" were by Mrs. Frances Sheridan.

P. 378. "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry" was published anonymously by Thomas Percy. There are copies at the Universities of Chicago and Pennsylvania.

P. 381. "Brooke (Sarah)" should be "Brooke (Frances)."

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

A GROUP OF LONG POEMS.*

The central situation of "Measure for Measure" becomes the theme of "Pietro of Siena," a new dramatic poem by Mr. Stephen Phillips. This tragedy *manqué* is worked out in three brief acts of blank verse, all the scenes falling between sunset of one day and sunrise of the day following. Pietro Tornielli has captured Siena, and the tyrant Luigi Gonzago is condemned to death. But his sister Gemma pleads for his life, and Pietro, fascinated by her beauty, bargains for her body as the price of release. When they meet that night, she so arouses the stirrings of his nobler nature that he foregoes his lustful purpose, and vows to make her his lawful wife. The following lines will show with what eloquence Gemma appeals to the tempter:

"You ghost, with but the vantage of the grave,
O lover with cold murder on your lips,
Bridegroom whose gift is blood, whose dower is death!
Ah, what a tryst! What moonlight ever saw
Such a forbidden rapture as is this?
Then take me in your arms, but never me!
Or kiss these lips where lips have ceased to move.
Fool, can you understand in your wild blood
That never shall you reach me on these terms?
How can you drink my beauty, if no soul
Makes the draught live? You bargain for a bliss,
But no bliss from a bargain ever came.
That bliss may be too sudden, may be slow,
Howe'er it come; but it is thoughten wise,
Not planned, not calculated; be it sin
Or fire of angels, not this way it comes,
Nor ever hath: now to thy lips I yield
My own, but with a cold laugh in my soul,
Or else in dreadful thought thy kiss I take.
Now thou art master; thy brief hour demand!
But had I loved thee, Pietro, not this way
Would I have clasped thee, but in sacred fire,
And then shouldst thou have tasted of deep life;
Then not of flesh but of the endless soul."

*PIETRO OF SIENA. A Drama. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE NEW INFERNO. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane Co.

DANTE. A Dramatic Poem. By Héloise Durant Rose. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE BREAKING OF BONDS. A Drama of the Social Unrest. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

SIGURD. A Poem. By Arthur Peterson. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A MIDSUMMER MEMORY. An Elegy on the Death of Arthur Upson. By Richard Burton. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

THE HAPPY TEACHER. By Melville B. Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

It is a little puzzling, after these heroics, to note with what alacrity she accepts the new legal "bargain" proposed by Pietro, and how cheerfully the brother acquiesces when the news releases him from imminent death at the sunrise hour. Such changes of heart are not exactly reasonable when brought about within the narrow limits which the author's setting have allowed him.

"Dreaming in starless night, it seemed that I,
Lifted in spirit arms, was outward borne,
Beyond the steadfast boundaries of the earth
And the invisible orb of the vast sun.

"Then was I 'ware that one beside me was,
Whom I felt speaking rather than heard speak.
'One whom thou lovest and who still loves thee
Despatched me to thy side,' the spirit said."

Thus opens "The New Inferno," a second contribution by Mr. Phillips to the season's literature, taking the form of a blank verse poem in nine cantos, each divided into quatrains as above shown. It is a sophisticated modern Inferno into which the spirit guide takes us, although it emphasizes the old idea of Dante, the idea that the after life brings punishment which is the logical consequence of earthly sin. Thus we find Napoleon imprisoned in a dreary world of ice, and Torquemada writhing in the flames. These are the only historical figures of the vision, which is otherwise concerned with types of lust and violence. The lesson of the poem is found in the following quatrains:

"For now I see that Hell no city is,
Nor place appointed, that no judge presides,
Nor our Creator in his anger sits
To sentence, and to punish the free soul.

"Far worse! the stain contracted leaves us not.
No deepest grave obliterates a fault,
But to the Earth the immortal spirit clings,
And being spirit in greater madness burns."

There are five passages in this poem, but we do not think that, on the whole, it will add materially to the author's reputation.

Mr. Phillips uses the great name of Dante as a peg upon which to hang his own philosophical musings, but it is the historical Florentine of whom we read in Miss Rose's fine dramatic poem. This "Dante," a work in four acts, takes up the principal happenings of the poet's life, from the factional strife and the broil of politics in his native city, through the years of exile at Verona and elsewhere, to the peaceful end at Ravenna. The first three acts are concerned with the events which lead up to his banishment,—the plot whereby he is persuaded to make Gemma Donati his wife, and the death of Beatrice. The fourth act sets forth the story of his closing years. Our illustrative extract shall be the ending of the work, the last words placed upon the lips of the dying poet.

"Come closer, shades. What, do ye fly my touch?
Hath woe not purified my flesh enow?
Must my poor soul, still sighing, sit within
The adamantine prison of the flesh?
Hath it not even reached an outer door
Where through some blessed chink it spies beyond
Its kin at rest, care-free, in sweet Elysium?
Fed on the tree of life in Paradise,
When perfect grown, must these new spirits swing
The incense of their love and praise alone
In Heaven's domes? Shall not some holy breath
Be wafted down from them to earth again,
Sweetening our lives and cleansing us from sin,
And so let those above by mystic tie
Be linked to what they were in living men?
. . . . . .
O Beatrice, such pure soul as thine
Needs lower stoop than most, to reach us here.
Madonna, at thy feet I lay my love;
O, lift it to thy bosom, let it lie,
Like scented blossom, lightly, near thy heart.
Still silent, blessed one? Thine eyes speak only;
Thou standest near the Church enthroned in glory,
Beside the Rose of Heaven, the Virgin Mother,
Who shineth, clothed in light eternally.
Even thou — even thou — art Beatrice!
Stretch out thy holy hands; help me to thee!
O let my faltering tongue find power
So that a spark of all thy glory trail
Resplendent through all centuries to come,
Lit by the love that moves the sun and stars,
That gives me God and Florence — Beatrice —"

This passage shows how deftly the author has made use of the Dantean phrase, weaving it into the fabric of her verse. There are other passages in which she reproduces the poet's recorded words more exactly, introducing them as literal quotations, thus avoiding the insuperable difficulty of inventing fit words of her own for the significant moments of the action. The whole work is done in a spirit of the deepest sympathy and reverence, and is marked by the scholarly acquaintance with the subject without which a work of dramatic effectiveness, such as this work distinctly is, could not have been produced.

The polities of Florence, with their shibboleths of faction and their insolent individual ambitions, bear little apparent resemblance to our modern politics, swayed by social and economic forces, and contending upon a scale unimaginable in the Italy of the Middle Ages. Yet poetry, seeing in all such struggles but varying manifestations of the unchanging soul of men, and viewing them all *sub specie æternitatis*, may discern a kind of underlying unity in the most diverse expressions of the human spirit. Thus we do not seem to pass into a wholly different sphere when we turn from the old-world strife of Guelph with Ghibelline to the new-world strife of capital with labor if only we approach both themes under the idealistic guidance of the poet. It is a poem in dramatic form, "The Breaking of Bonds," by Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, that brings before our gaze the social unrest of modern life with a degree of imaginative power that raises the subject from the temporal to the eternal plane, and correlates it with subjects that might upon first thought seem better fitted for poetic treatment. Mr. Ficke, taking Shelley for his exemplar, seeks to forecast the shaping of a new earth out of the miserable place of our present abode. He says: "I have expressed in the following pages neither a political plan, nor a carefully rounded and utterly impossible scheme urged on the world for adoption. I have merely

taken as a beginning the social hostility of to-day; I have transported it into the world of imagination; and there let the dramatic forces inherent in the situation work out what I conceive to be their natural equilibrium." Mr. Ficke's method is highly symbolical. His characters are abstractions and spirits, like those employed by Moody in "The Masque of Judgment" or by Mr. Hardy in "The Dynasts." There are choruses of the Men who Labor, the Masters of Wealth, and the Wise Men, there is the Watcher on the Tower, and there are the Spirits of Beauty and of Power, of the Cities and of the Hills, and the Spirit of the Eighth Day of Creation. It is this last-named Spirit upon whose shoulders the burden of prophecy is laid, and who, after the cataclysm which has laid waste what we now call civilization, gives heart to stricken mankind in such noble words as these:

"One thing alone is worth your straining toil,—
To seek that way which in good time shall lead
Up toward the fairer future of mankind.
Deep in the soul of each must rise the dream
Of man with higher powers, man more divine;
Flooded with light whose spark was on his brow
When he emerged from out creation's deeps,
The wonder and the mystery of the world.
As from the brute he grew in ages past,
A greater passion of exalted life
Shall thrill and glorify him, till he rise
Godlike and wingéd with his destiny.
Such is the fate I give and ye must take.
This is your pole-star. Crown nor crucifix
Suffice for this; but in each secret heart
The light must spring,—a more than mortal sense
Of ages leading ever toward new heights;
That the far generations, sweeping on,
Shall each see clearer, and descry at last
What wondrous destiny lies free to man.

. . . . . .

But far in distant ages, all the years
Of weary toil shall turn to their fulfilment.
The lesser fails; the higher shall endure;
And in the end, the Promised Land shall spread
Its vast aërial valleys at men's feet.
Greater mankind shall walk the walls of heaven
Yet never dreamed. And from the cloudy night
Of man's long martyrdom shall come the dawn."

It is the Watcher who has the last word, and he gives it this fine Swinburnian turn:

"New Masters may rise,
But they shall not endure.
We shall push our emprise
Past each barrier and lure
Through ways that are dim, to an end that is clear, with a hope that is sure.

"Crowns of gold or of thorn
Are as phantoms that pale
In the infinite dusk;
Yet one crown shall not fail,—
Yea, the crown of man's ultimate freedom that over the world shall prevail."

Mr. Ficke has given us a poem that is well worth while, a poem that is intensely modern in feeling and at the same time true to the English tradition of what is permissible and what is not, of what is desirable and what is to be shunned.

It is somewhat venturesome, after the superb treatment of the subject by William Morris, for anyone to attempt anew a "Sigurd" epic. But we think that Mr. Arthur Peterson's poem has justified the venture, and we have read with much pleasure his new version of the greatest of all Teutonic legends. His style is simple and his narrative straightforward, as befits a theme which needs neither rhetorical adornment nor constructive artifice for its setting forth. As he retells the story, it seems to combine the essentials of the Nibelungenenlied version with some of the variations made familiar by the Wagnerian cycle. It deals mainly with the scenes at Gunter's Burgundian court, and ends with the death of Sigurd and the self-immolation of Brynhild. Sigurd's earlier career is recounted by the hero himself, much as Odysseus tells the story of his wanderings at the Court of the Phæacians. But the story is simplified by assuming that when Sigurd awakens Brynhild on her rock, acting on Gunter's behalf, he has had no previous knowledge of her, thus avoiding the necessity for making use of the potion of oblivion in working out the tragic consummation. Hagen has no evidence beyond his own evil suspicions that the King has been betrayed by his representative and blood-brother. We notice that the scene of Brynhild's fire-encircled sleep is given as the island of Halgoland near the mouth of the Elbe. Can it be that the author has confused this island with the Halogaland of the sagas? Mr. Peterson is a believer in the preponderance of the Scandinavian element in the population of the British Isles, and even goes so far as to suggest that the Jutes and Angles were kinds of Norsemen, given which assumption his demonstration is easy. This view is expressed in the Vala's prophecy, made when Sigurd questions her concerning his fate.

"But see! E'en now, on Britain's stormy shores,
Hengist and Horsa, with their sea-tost hosts,
Land, and great England, Rome's predestined heir,
Begins her conquering march. As, in a gale,
A mighty tidal wave, holp by the winds,
Breaks on some isle, and overwhelms the land,
All things submerging; so, on Britain's isle,
The viking tide, in waves successive, breaks,
And overflows the land; o'erflows save where,
In west and north, the mountain fastnesses
Of Wales and Caledonia lift their towers.
Angles, Jutes, Saxons, Norsemen, Swedes, Goths, Danes,
One people called by many names, one race
Of ocean-warriors, golden-haired, they come."

We must make a further quotation from this prophecy, because in it the author achieves his highest flight.

"Methinks as in a dream I see them now.
With tossing prows far out at sea beheld,
With spears and helmets through the ocean mists
Flashing, they come; unheralded; with dread
Watched by those spirits pusillanimous
Whose purblind eyes see not in these fierce foes
Heaven's chosen seed, the saviours of the land,
Wild giants they, wet with the salt sea-foam,
But in their lives the primal virtues shine —
Strength, courage, justice, boundless energy,
Truth-telling, love of home, contempt of death,

High wisdom, and all else that makes the man—
And through them is old Europe born again.
As comes the spring-time back to earth, so comes
Once more the age heroic back to men.
The figure of a Norseman, spear in hand,
Crown'd with his winged helmet, eagle-like
Roaming, in dragon-ship, the ocean, looms
Above the world's horizon: I behold
Comrades in fame, thy vikings range themselves
Beside the stalwart shapes that founded Rome,
And hero-hosts Hellenic; and in thee,
Sigurd, though briefer was thy life than theirs,
Ulysses and Æneas live again."

A noteworthy contribution to elegiac verse is offered by Dr. Richard Burton, who in "A Midsummer Memory" sings of his lost friend Arthur Upson. It will be remembered that Upson was drowned a little more than two years ago, in the thirty-second year of his age, but not before he had won for himself the recognition of them that know. His death was a grievous loss to American poetry, but we may find some consolation in the fact that it has given us this tender and heart-felt threnody. We quote the last two of the fifty-four stanzas:

"Even as Arthur of the Table Round
Followed the Gleam and fought the good fight through,
Then floated down the mere unto the sound
Of flutes that like soft wind forever blew,
So thou didst straight embark and with a smile
Float on the bosom of the After-while.

"The pure of heart are blessèd; they shall be
God's chosen, he is close to them alone.
Lover of earth, now heaven hath claim on thee,
Boldly thine eyes face that refulgency
Of more than mortal keenness; for thine own
Were pure indeed; forever safe thou art,
Because thine often-heavy human heart
Rests, circled by that promise, *They shall see!*"

Wit and wisdom, packed for the most part in Hudibrastic measures, are the characteristics of Professor Melville B. Anderson's Phi Beta Kappa poem, "The Happy Teacher." Mr. Anderson has been a teacher for upwards of thirty years, and his confession that the word spells happiness will be echoed in the heart of every teacher who is worthy of that noble profession. He has now commenced *emeritus*, which is a kind of happiness also for the veteran with long years of useful work behind him, although it must be mingled with something of regret. Mr. Anderson's pedagogy is of the soundest, as may be instanced by his comment on the "systems" so dear to the commercial type of school administration.

"Their schools and systems, all and some,
Seem founded on the axiom
That gear of clock-work can direct
The engine of the intellect.
They dream, like alchemists of old,
To find in their retorts the gold,
Blind to the true transmuting stone,
Only to Nature's bantlings known.
The spirit bloweth and is still:
Come, harness it to turn our mill!
No teacher, but mechanic tool,
Who, when the angel moves aright
On waters of Bethesda's pool,
Would thermograph them by some rule
Of Réaumur or Fahrenheit.

"Our happy guide, of Socrates'
Athletic school, distrusts degrees.
Why dub the graduated ass
Whose *ne plus ultra* is to pass,
Honorificabilitudinitas?
O runner, fling aside the crutch!
Is his monition; overmuch
Our Capuan schools abound in aids,
Diplomas, titles, badges, grades:
Why titillate with bait so slight
The hungry edge of appetite?
Why tempt the torpid? Fat of rib
Is fat of wit: shut up the crib."

Mr. Anderson's satire is not all aimed at the purblind pedagogue, but finds many other objects for its shafts. Here is one forcible example, which we commend to workers in the cause of conservation:

"Has Earth no vengeance, have the Heavens no curse
For him who by destruction fills his purse?
Let actuaries calculate the worth
Of him who, dying, poorer leaves the earth:
Carve the hard face, that coming man may see
The cruel features of his enemy!
Hark! by the noble soul distinctly heard,
Out of those marble lips escapes the Word
That sacrifice of self for those unborn
Is worship which the gods will never scorn.
Who makes the world his oyster, leaves it dead
And done with, soon as ever he has fed,—
Who sucks the juice and chucks away the shell
Should find no fellowship except in Hell
Where Dante found the traitors wintering,—
Congenial spirits for the Lumber King."

The true consecration of the teacher (to return to the main theme of the poem) is found in his acceptance of the ideal thus nobly stated:

"No follower and no flatterer of the crowd,
Not foremost in the synagogue is bow'd
Our Teacher, giving alms unseen of men,—
Shouts not upon the housetop his Amen!
Yet when Hosannah to the Lord on High,
With voice of many waters people cry,
Than he, none feels the common impulse more;
But, praying, goes within, and shuts the door.
Deep in the heart he keeps a Holy Shrine;
There looks he, not in vain, for the Divine."

In its guise of a playfulness which does not really conceal the serious underlying thought, this poem is suggestive of some of Lowell's best things, and its didacticism is precisely of the sort which he would have applauded. We think that the author will not bear us ill-will for pointing out this resemblance.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The eventful life of a famous peace-promoter.

A hearty welcome is assured to the authorized English version, from the practiced pen of Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, of the "Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner" (Ginn). These "Records of an Eventful Life," as they are called in a sub-title, cover a period of about sixty years,—from the writer's birth at Prague in 1843 to her husband's death in December of 1902; but a supplementary chapter descriptive of her three weeks in America in 1904

has been provided for this edition, as also a Preface to her English and American readers. Apart from the interest attaching to the Barness von Suttner's early conversion to the cause of international peace, to her subsequent activities in behalf of that cause, and especially to the circumstances that impelled her to write her world-famous novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," there is so much of romance and so wide a variety of rich and memorable experience in the life of this greatly-gifted woman as to render her autobiography irresistibly attractive to a wide circle of readers. Indeed, these pages from life, especially those describing the writer's early literary and artistic enthusiasms, and recounting her passions of the heart and her elopement with the man in whose company she was to enjoy a "perfect union of unclouded happiness," may well prove more fascinating than any passages from her works of fiction. The beginning of her acquaintance with Alfred Nobel was curiously brought about, and her intercourse with him through the years that followed until his untimely death furnishes matter of the most readable kind. Other noteworthy friendships and other correspondence abound. The Baroness's prominence in the peace movement naturally made her more or less intimately acquainted with nearly all the leading advocates of that cause, while her literary and musical tastes procured her a host of friends among authors and musicians. Mention must be made of her outspoken admiration of many American institutions, including especially the magnificent Congressional Library and the hardly less admirable Boston Public Library. Through all the "Memoirs" there runs a certain German thoroughness, an attention to homely detail, that characterizes her famous novel, and that may occasionally weary some, but will more often ingratiate and entertain. The work is a powerful utterance in behalf of a most deserving cause, as well as a charming piece of literature.

Surveys of literature, old and new.

Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays" (Putnam) have now reached a "Seventh Series," and probably some readers will by this time have forgotten the origin of the title, — the rural retreat where the first series was conceived and at least partly written. The aloofness and dispassionateness of thought and style that that retreat seems to have fostered still mark the successive additions to the series. To use the words applied by him to Edward FitzGerald in the present volume, Mr. More impresses one as standing calmly "aloof from the currents of the hour, judging men and things from the larger circles of time," and as at least partly "emancipated from the illusions of the present." The essays now collected have with a single exception already appeared in print, although often in an abridged form, and are in almost every case prompted by books that have presented themselves for review. The chapter now for the first time published deals with "Criticism," and begins by drawing a parallel, somewhat forced perhaps, between Matthew Arnold and the third Earl of Shaftesbury. Naturally, Mr. More exalts the critic's office, and he even persuades himself, if not his reader, that the critical Cicero has been "as dynamic an influence in civilization as St. Paul." A chapter on "The Pragmatism of William James" agreeably disappoints one by proving to be more in sympathy with the current revolt against cut-and-dried philosophical systems than might have been expected from the writer's somewhat conservative habit of thought and from a rather unsympathetic reference he has elsewhere made to the "prattle of pragmatism." Yet while exposing the manifest weaknesses of the pragmatic position, he has not emphasized so strongly as he might have the service rendered to freedom of thought by Messrs. James and Dewey and Bergson and their associates. The essays not already mentioned have to do with Shelley, Wordsworth, Hood, Tennyson, Morris, Aldrich, Francis Thompson, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, Louisa Shore, and, more briefly, a few other authors. Increased ripeness of judgment, widened and deepened knowledge, and enlargement of vision are to be noted in comparing this latest volume of the set with some of its early predecessors.

A guide to the appreciation of literature.

Those who wish to read wisely and well, and not merely to hasten the flight of time, could not do better than take a preliminary course of self-instruction in Mr. Edwin L. Shuman's inviting little treatise, "How to Judge a Book" (Houghton). Twenty years of writing about books, notably as literary editor of the Chicago "Record-Herald," have developed the author's literary taste, trained his judgment, and given him facility in expressing his opinions. His book, which is sub-titled "A Handy Method of Criticism for the General Reader," and which is of similar size and general nature to Mr. Larned's "Books, Culture and Character," although necessarily more technical, devotes nearly three-quarters of its contents to the consideration of prose fiction, leaving but forty-seven pages for all other literature, and despatching poetry and drama in eighteen of these pages. But as the novel is unquestionably the most elaborate as well as the most popular form of literature, there is some reason in this apportionment. Not surprising, either, is the democratic test applied by the author to works of art. "The greatest art," he holds, "is that which gives the most lasting pleasure to the largest number of people." But this rule, literally interpreted, would lead to some curious conclusions. For example, multiplying the duration of pleasure by the number of persons pleased, we should obtain a product indicating the art of E. P. Roe's novels to be far greater than that of George Meredith's, or, to take less recent authors, the art of "The Deerslayer" greater than that of "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Shuman's reading, especially in fiction, has evidently been wide, and he recalls readily and aptly such scenes and characters as he needs for illustra-

tion. He seems to assign the right place to morality in art, neither exalting it as a leading motive on the one hand, nor going so far, on the other, as to preach unreservedly the gospel of "art for art's sake." Sanity and good taste speak in every page of the book, which moreover ingratiates by its amenities of style.

An American commodore of the old navy.

Mr. Charles Oscar Paullin's life of Commodore John Rodgers (Arthur H. Clark Co.) is at once a biography of an able commander and a history of the old navy from 1802 to 1838. Dr. Paullin, by his long studies in American naval history, is well qualified to do the work; he has also had a wealth of material from which to draw out his facts—the printed matter, both public and private, relating to the subject, files of old newspapers, the manuscript records in the Navy Department, and family documentary collections never before used. Each period of Rodgers's life is exhaustively treated, — his family and boyhood life; his experiences as a young officer in the Navy; his career in the Mediterranean and in the War of 1812; and his constructive work as member of the various boards and commissions which organized and reorganized naval institutions after the War of 1812. The most interesting part of the biography is that which deals with the American naval force in the Mediterranean during the troubles with the Barbary States. The responsibilities upon naval commanders were then much greater than in the present day of steam vessels and cables. In dealing with the North African powers Rodgers proved to be a successful diplomat as well as a fighting captain, and was most successful in his difficult task. But his best and most permanent work was as senior member of the boards which inaugurated a progressive and constructive policy — planned a new navy, built navy yards, planned the naval academy, the naval observatory, and the Hydrographic Bureau. The book is a good history of the last generation of the wooden navy and of the best representative of the commanders of that period — one who for twenty years was at the head of the navy. The volume is well illustrated with contemporary portraits, facsimiles, and copies of old prints.

An artist's memories of his early training.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer has written, not exactly a sequel, but rather an antecedent to "My School and My Gospel" in his equally entertaining record of the rather harsh experiences leading up to the opening of his school and the firm establishment of his fortunes. In "The Herkomers" (Macmillan) he traces his family history and his individual biography from the simple Bavarian days through the rough American experiment and the up-hill English struggle to the serener and more prosperous years of later life. The art instinct seems of old to have been strong in the Herkomers, in the plasterers and cabinet-makers and wood-carvers and other artisans of the family, while the love of music and skill in making music were prevalent on the mother's side of the house. Their art being more to the Herkomers than wealth or station, poverty and obscurity were their cheerfully-accepted portion until the present chief representative of the family came into full possession of his powers. The story of these years of hardship, told by Sir Hubert in the complacency of his own acknowledged success in life, has in its way much of the fascination of Cellini's glowing and picturesque autobiography. A single incident will here indicate the stuff the Herkomers were made of. In their English exile the family was sorely pressed for the wherewithal to procure food and clothing, so that the father sacrified his cloak to provide jacket and trousers for his son, himself walking a little faster to keep warm, and a little later cut out the meat and alcoholic drink from his dietary, and also abjured tobacco; and the son insisted on sharing the glory of this renunciation by embracing vegetarianism. The book is inviting in its literary style, and is attractively illustrated; but the author might well bear in mind Lowell's observation on the use of the dash, that it stands as a confession of ignorance of the rules of punctuation.

Essays, satirical and otherwise.

A remarkable command of oddly picturesque epithet, surprising dexterity in the moulding of whimsically striking phrases, great fertility of invention where the available resources of existing speech fall short of his needs, — such are the salient characteristics of Mr. Frank Moore Colby's style in his collection of short and crisp essays published under the title, "Constrained Attitudes" (Dodd). Merrily sarcastic also and good-naturally satirical is he in his rapid shots at folly as it flies. The follies of literary persons receive some of his shrewdest hits, as when, in mild derision of the professional nature-writer, he opines that many a non-professional too might "know when a thing is bosky and when a thing is lush, know the wonderful hour that is neither night nor day, and the tang of salt air, and the skirl of the haw-bird, and the booming note of the dugong, and where the bumbleberries cluster thickest and the wild pomatum blooms." Some remarks on Ibsen, not heartily eulogistic, are bright and amusing, however charged with one-sidedness of view. "He writes only for those who go to the theatre to be disturbed. Instead of beginning with love in difficulties and ending with a happy marriage, he begins with happy marriages and ends with the very devil." In ridicule of ostentatious and learned quotation the author says, among other good things, "It is a humane rule never to jingle your literary pockets merely to tantalise the poor." The book shows gain in both substance and form as compared with its predecessor, "Imaginary Obligations." While still a self-constituted critic of everything criticizable, the author is a shade less dogmatic than he used to be. It may be hoped that in time he will acquire a very creditable store of human fallibility.

Poetry for every taste.

That unwearied maker of anthologies, Mr. Wallace Rice, has put his wide acquaintance with literature in the form of verse to a most effective use in the compilation of "The Little Book Series," published by the Reilly & Britton Co. Each volume of this series offers a selection of poems upon a special subject — poems from a great variety of authors (among them foreign poets in translation) — and includes many out-of-the-way pieces that only omnivorous readers would be likely to find. Since few readers are of this type, the number of those whose gratitude Mr. Rice has deserved should be proportionally large. The twelve volumes thus far published have for their respective subjects Bohemia, Cheer, Love, Laughter, Friendship, Out-of-Doors, School-Days, Sports, Lullabies, Limericks, Brides, and Kisses. Here is surely poetry for all tastes, and there is no assignable limit to the further expansion of the series. A similar series each volume of which shall be devoted to a single poet is also planned by the editor. Mr. Rice has a peculiar fitness for the task which he has here undertaken, and the task itself — that of bringing the treasures of poetry to the attention of people who balk at definitive editions and collected works — is one of the most praiseworthy imaginable. We should think that many thousands of new readers might be gained for poetry by thus serving it out in moderate and palatable rations. Poetry is, after all, not too bright and good for human nature's daily food, if only the world knew it, and we extend a grateful welcome to an enterprise which, like the present one, attempts to give practical effect to that elementary proposition.

The strength and cheer of old age.

Miss Harriet Eliza Paine, who died last year at the age of sixty-four, left a series of unpublished essays on the general subject of the joys and sorrows of growing old. These posthumous chapters now appear under the collective title, "Old People" (Houghton) with a prefatory biographical sketch of the author by Miss Alice Brown. Ardent student and inspiring teacher, Miss Paine was comparatively early overtaken by two infirmities that sadly interfered with her chosen pursuits and must have sorely tried her brave spirit. These ailments of the body were deafness and blindness — neither of them total, but both, especially the former, very pronounced. With the voice of authority, therefore, she speaks, in her book, on the subjects of "Silence" and "Darkness." Other chapters are headed "Greeting Old Age," "Change and Breadth," "Work," "Earning a Living," "On Keeping Young," "The Inner Life of the Old," "The Relations of the Old and Young," and "The Renewal of Emotion." Miss Brown's sketch and her own stimulating pages present her to us as one whom we would gladly have known, and known intimately. A characteristic passage from her very first paragraph gives promise of the strength and cheer of the succeeding pages. "Some of us have a stout conviction," she writes, "which has weathered many a gale, that the ideal is the only reality; but veterans understand that to pull a steady oar always, whether the tide and wind and current are with us, or whether the tide and wind and current are against us, is the only way to make the reality ideal." Idealist, but not a dreamer, Miss Paine has left a book that will speak to older readers in accents at once strong and comforting.

Briefer Mention.

A volume of "Mohonk Addresses" by Edward Everett Hale and David J. Brewer, given from 1895 to 1907 at the Mohonk Arbitration Conferences, is edited by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, and published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. for the International School of Peace. The addresses are brief and very much to the point. There are sixteen of them in all, eleven by Dr. Hale and five by Justice Brewer.

Sociology is working its way down in the schools, and is probably headed for the Kindergarten. Meanwhile, a stage in its pedagogical progress is marked by the publication of Dr. Charles A. Ellwood's "Sociology and Modern Social Problems" (American Book Co.), a text-book rather more elementary than any we have heretofore seen, and in striking contrast to the ponderous treatises of Spencer, Ward, and Giddings.

Amateur dramatic societies might do worse than turn their attention from the trifling farce-comedies they usually select to such sterling material as is offered by Mr. Horace B. Browne's volume of "Short Plays from Dickens" (Scribner). These "plays," which are nothing more than brief dramatic scenes, are very entertaining in their dialogue form, and may be easily managed also, requiring few characters and even fewer accessories.

"The Poems of Cynewulf," translated into English prose by Dr. Charles W. Kennedy, and "The Plays and Poems of George Chapman (The Tragedies)," edited by Dr. Thomas Marc Parrott, are two welcome volumes that emanate from Princeton University, are included in a "Library of Scholarship and Letters," and are published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Both volumes have all the apparatus that a conscientious student could desire.

"Forty Songs by Richard Strauss" (for high voice), edited by Mr. James Huneker, is a highly acceptable addition to the Messrs. Ditson's "Musicians' Library." However we may dispute about Strauss as a composer for the stage and the orchestra, we generally admit him to be a master among song-writers, one who has the key to the treasury of pure lyric beauty. This volume has the usual accompaniments of portrait and introductory essay, and gives the texts in both German and English. Other publications of the same house are "The Cocoa Palm and Other Songs for Children," by Miss Mary Dillingham Frear (a revised edition); a second volume of "Classics for Violin" (an interesting selection of pieces ancient and modern); a set of "Octave Studies after J. S. Bach," edited by Mr. Isidor Phillipp; a collection of "Choice Part-Songs for Men's Voices," edited by Mr. George L. Osgood; and a collection of "Twenty Popular Anthems," compiled by Mr. Robert E. Austin.

Notes.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's study of William Blake is to be issued immediately by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. in their "Popular Library of Art."

Two of the special features of the new edition of Wordsworth's complete poetical works, to be issued in ten volumes by Houghton Mifflin Co., will be a sketch of the poet's life by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie and a prefatory essay on the Wordsworth country by Mr. John Burroughs.

In "The Purchasing Power of Money," which is to be published early this Spring by the Macmillan Co., Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University has attacked an old problem, but one which is ever timely and which is especially so now. The immediate purpose which the author has set himself is to determine the causes upon which the general level of prices depends.

Dr. William Edgar Geil, whose study of the Great Wall of China was embodied in book form a year ago, has extended his research to the "Capitals of China," and a descriptive volume bearing this title and fully illustrated is to be brought out by the Lippincott Co. early in the Spring. The same house has in preparation "A Short History of the Navy," by Capt. George R. Clarke and others.

Mr. Herbert W. Paul, the well-known English historical student, has brought together in a volume called "Famous Speeches" a large number of the most notable orations delivered in Parliament or elsewhere from the time of Oliver Cromwell to that of Gladstone. Mr. Paul will supply a general introduction, biographical introductions, notes, etc. Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. are publishing the volume in this country.

A collection of "Early Plays from the Italian," edited, with introductions and notes, by Mr. R. Warwick Bond, is announced by the Oxford University Press. These plays are "Supposes," "The Buggbears," and "Misogonus," and the book as a whole is an attempt to illustrate the connection between the Latin, Italian, and Early Elizabethan comic stage, whether in subject-matter and spirit or in technical forms, Mr. Bond also adding some brief notice of the allied Educational-Drama.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the central division of the Modern Language Association of America, held at Washington University, St. Louis, on December 28, 29, and 30, was marked by a fair attendance and an interesting programme. Chicago was tentatively fixed as the place of the next meeting, and Professor Frank Hubbard of Wisconsin was chosen to take Professor Fossler's place as chairman of the Western Division for 1911.

Several interesting books to be issued during the next few weeks by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are the following: "Turner Essays in American History," by former pupils of Dr. Frederick J. Turner of the University of Wisconsin; "The Stability of Truth: A Discussion of Reality as Related to Thought and Action," by Dr. David Starr Jordan; "Some Forerunners of Italian Opera," by Mr. W. J. Henderson; and a volume by Dr. Frederick A. Braun undertaking to trace the influence of Goethe upon Margaret Fuller.

There undoubtedly exists a demand for very elementary, popularly written treatises on scientific subjects, which presuppose no technical knowledge whatever of the field covered on the part of the reader. Since the days of Huxley there has been no really great master of science both able and willing to meet this demand. Consequently such books are nowadays mainly the productions of uninspired, if diligent, compilers. In this class belongs Dr. A. S. Herbert's "The First Principles of Heredity" (Macmillan). It is the outgrowth of a series of workingmen's lectures, and covers in an orthodox and rather uncritical manner the main facts and theories of inheritance. As a general introduction to the abundant modern literature on the subject it may be found useful. While in the main accurate it cannot be relied on implicitly in matters of detail.

It is reported that some time before Count Tolstoy's death, he made arrangements by which, after he died, none of his books were to be reprinted until his widow had sold the new complete edition of his works, in the preparation of which she has been engaged during the last two years. This edition is now almost finished; only three volumes remain to be printed. The edition will be limited to 10,000 copies. Countess Tolstoy is also collecting for publication her husband's correspondence, which will fill several volumes.

There is peculiar timeliness in the immediate publication, by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of a book which will in small compass deal with the whole question of militarism. "War or Peace: A Present Day Duty and a Future Hope," is written by General H. M. Chittenden, U. S. A., a graduate of West Point, 1884, who served as chief engineer of the Fourth Army Corps during the Spanish-American War, and who is already known to the public for his writings on the history of the West. General Chittenden presents the somewhat unusual spectacle of a soldier who does not let professional bias color his treatment of facts; and after carefully marshalling the arguments for and against war, and summing up the world situation of the present day, he declares in favor of the discontinuance of war as a means of national adjustment.

Seventy-five of Wordsworth's sonnets are embodied in the latest of the series of limited editions produced at the Riverside Press. The volume is a square octavo, printed on Fabriano hand-made paper from an old-style type of exceptional clearness and beauty, each sonnet having an entire leaf to itself. Except for a graceful woodcut on the title-page, the typographical arrangement could scarcely be more severely simple—as befits the poetry which it enshrines. The contents are arranged under three headings, — "Nature," "Man," and "The Poet"; and while many of the sonnets might logically be placed in either group, the arrangement is not without interest and value. Every Wordsworth lover will rejoice in this dignified setting of some of the poet's choicest jewels.

"The Mastersinger," edited by Dr. Frank R. Rix, and "Art Songs for High Schools," edited by Mr. Will Earhart, are two new school singing-books published by the American Book Co. The selections chosen by Dr. Rix are "of large content from the masterworks of the great composers"—a description in the main true, although it hardly justifies the inclusion of "The Lost Chord" and a selection from "Erminie." Most of the thirty odd numbers are, however, really worth while. Mr. Earhart's book does not claim so much, but offers what is simply a fair average selection of pieces good and indifferent. Since there are about one hundred and fifty of them altogether, the teacher has wide room for choice. But we have never yet been able to understand why any music that is not of the very best should *ever* be given to children in their singing-books.

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 36 titles, includes books received by The Dial since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Annals of a Yorkshire House, from the Papers of a Macaroni and his Kindred. By A. M. W. Stirling. In 2 volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo. John Lane Co. $10. net.

Madame de Pompadour. By Jean Louis Goulavie; translated by E. Jules Méras. With portrait, 12mo, 281 pages. "Court Series of French Memoirs." Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50.

Elkanah Settle: His Life and Works. By F. C. Brown. Large 8vo, 169 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.

A Little Fifer's War Diary. By C. W. Bardeen; with introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Illustrated, large 8vo, 329 pages. Syracuse, N.Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters of Edward John Trelawny. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 306 pages. Oxford University Press.

Letters to Severall Persons of Honour. By John Donne; edited, with notes, by Charles Edmund Merrill, Jr. New edition; 8vo, 318 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $5. net.

Books on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. By Elizabeth Wells Gallup. Comprising: The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon; The Tragedy of Anne Boleyn. Each illustrated, 8vo. Detroit: Howard Publishing Co. Paper.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Oxford Book of Ballads. Edited by Arthur Quiller Couch. 16mo, 871 pages. Oxford University Press. $2. net; also, on Oxford India paper, $2.50 net.

The Englishman in Greece: A Collection of the Verse of Many English Poets. With introduction by Sir Rennell Rodd. 16mo, 328 pages. Oxford University Press. $1.75 net.

A Williams Anthology: A Collection of the Verse and Prose of Williams College, 1793–1910. Edited by Edwin Partridge Lehman and Julian Park. 12mo, 220 pages. Williamstown, Mass.: Privately printed.

Five Centuries of English Verse. By William Stebbing. In two volumes, 12mo. Oxford University Press.

The Fruits of Enlightenment. By Lyof Tolstoi. 12mo, 149 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $1. net.

A Lesson in Marriage: A Play in Two Acts. By Björnstgerne Björnson; translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. New edition; 16mo, 66 pages. Brandu's.

The Unfading Light. By Caroline Davenport Swan. 12mo, 171 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.

The Harlot's House. By Oscar Wilde; illustrated in photogravure by Althea Gyles. New edition; 8vo. John W. Luce & Co. $1. net.

Phocion, and Other Poems. By E. A. Doyle. 12mo, 214 pages. Winchester, Ohio: Published by the author. $1.

FICTION.

Berenice. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 264 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. $1.25 net.

The Pendulum. By Scota Sorin. With frontispiece, 12mo, 282 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

The Gift of the Grass. By John Trotwood Moore. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 348 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. $1.50.

Silverwool. By Emily Jenkinson. 12mo, 314 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Peter Rugg, the Missing Man. By William Austin; with introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New edition; illustrated and decorated in tint, 16mo, 111 pages. John W. Luce & Co. $1.

What Diantha Did. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. 12mo, 250 pages. New York: Charlton Co.

The End of Dreams. By Wood Levette Wilson. Illustrated, 12mo, 348 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

The Heiress of Cranham Hall. By Meredith Junior. With frontispiece, 12mo, 285 pages. New York: Broadway Publishing Co.

Love Letters from the Nile. By Mary Randolph. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 205 pages. New York: Knickerbocker Press.

Elisabeth Koett. By Rudolf Hans Bartsch; translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. 12mo, 265 pages. New York: Desmond FitzGerald Co. $1.20 net.

RELIGION.

Christianity and the Modern Mind. By Samuel McComb. 12mo, 343 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

The Efficient Layman; or, The Religious Training of Men. By Henry Frederick Cope. 12mo, 244 pages. Griffith & Rowland Press. $1. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Correction and Prevention. By Charles Richmond Henderson. In 4 volumes, illustrated, large 8vo. "Russell Sage Foundation Publications." Charities Publication Committee. Per volume, $2.50 net.

Barbarous Mexico. By John Kenneth Turner. 12mo, 340 pages. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Beginnings of the American Revolution. By Ellen Chase. In 3 volumes, illustrated, large 8vo. Baker & Taylor Co. $7.50 net.

The Stone Age in North America. By Warren K. Moorehead. In 2 volumes, illustrated in color, etc., large 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $5. net.

Old English Mezzotints. By Malcolm C. Salaman; edited by Charles Holme. Illustrated, large 8vo. John Lane Co. $3. net.

The Oldest Music Room in Europe: A Record of Eighteenth-Century Enterprise at Oxford. By John H. Mee. Illustrated, large 8vo, 216 pages. John Lane Co.

An Illustrated Guide to the Flowering Plants of the Middle Atlantic and New England States. By George T. Stevens. Illustrated, 8vo, 749 pages, Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

The American Shotgun. By Charles Askins. Illustrated, 8vo, 321 pages. Outing Publishing Co. $2. net.

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